SELECT POEMS

OF

WIL. DUNBAR.

PART FIRST.

FROM THE M. S. OF

GEORGE BANNATYNE,

Publiſhed 1568.

CONSIDER IT WARILIE, REDE AFTINER THAN ANIS,
WEIL AT ANE BLINK SLIE POETRY NOT TANE IS.
GAVIN DOUGLASS.

PERTH:

Printed by R. Morison, Junr.

For R. MORISON & SON, Bookſellers; and Sold by
J. MURRAY, NO. 32 FLEET-STREET, LONDON,
AND C. ELLIOT, EDINBURGH.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM LUNDAR.

PARTS FOUR.

FROM THE MSS. OF

GEORGE BARNATYNE.

Published 1900.

PERTH:

Printed by R. Morison Junr.

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M,DCC,LXXXIII.

LIFE
OF
GAVIN DOUGLAS,
BISHOP OF DUNKELD (1).

GAVIN DOUGLAS, Author of the Poem of the PALICE OF HONOUR, and the celebrated Scotch Tranſlator of the ÆNEID OF VIRGIL, was born either in the end of the year 1474, or in the beginning of the year 1475.

HE was third Son of Archibald fifth Earl of Angus, who is diſtinguiſhed ſometimes by the name of BELL THE CAT, in alluſion to a well known hiſtorical Event in the Reign of James III, and ſometimes by the name of the Great Earl of Angus. His mother was Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Robert Lord Boyd, Lord high Chamberlain (2) of Scotland.

THE place of his birth is not certainly known. It might be the Caſtle of Douglas, In the ſhire of

Lanerk; of Tantallan in Eaſt Lothian; of Dudhope in the neighbourhood of Dundee, and ſhire of Angus; or of Abernethy in the diſtrict of Strathern, and ſhire of Perth: in all which places the Earls of Angus had reſidence.

LITTLE is known concerning the firſt part of his Life. He was intended for the church, and it appeared, from the figure he afterwards made, that he had received a very liberal education.

BUT the education in Scotland at that time was variouſly conducted. Though there were two Univerſities, one of them at Glaſgow, and the other at St Andrew's, yet many noblemen and others placed their ſons in Monaſteries, to be inſtructed by learned Monks; after which they were frequently ſent abroad to attend in a foreign Univerſity, and to be ſtill farther accompliſhed by acquiring an acquaintance with the manners of other nations.

HE is ſuppoſed to have entered into Prieſt's Orders, about the year 1496; and was then appointed Rector of the church of Hawick in Teviotdale (3). The barony of Hawick at that time belonged to James Douglas of Drumlanrig. The Earl of Angus, who had extenſive eſtates in the foreſt of Selkirk and in the county of Roxburgh, was exerciſing juriſdiction as warden of the eaſt and middle Marches (4). Our

Author

Author was there among his own kindred. And it muſt be owned, that the country in which he was ſituated, was, in many reſpects, admirably adapted to cheriſh his natural genius for poetry, and to call it into exertion.

BEFORE the year 1509, he was alſo appointed Dean or Provoſt of the Collegiate Church of St Giles in Edinburgh, which was a place of conſiderable dignity and profit (5).

IT was, while in theſe his more humble ſituations, that he wrote his Poetical Works, which have tranſmitted his name with honour to poſterity.

HIS tranquility began to be diſturbed in the year 1513. Occurences followed which forced him into public life, and were the means of involving him in the political conteſts of the times.

HIS two elder brothers, George Maſter of Angus, and Sir William Douglas of Braidwood or Glenberſie, were in the number of thoſe illuſtrious perſons, who, along with their ſovereign, were killed in the battle at Flowdon, September 9, 1513.

THE old Earl of Angus, who had left the field before the commencement of the battle, when he heard of the fatal iſſue, retired to a religious houſe in Gal-

loway, where he died of grief, in the beginning of the year 1514.

Archibald, ſon of the late Maſter of Angus, ſucceeded to the earldom; a young nobleman, remarkable for the beauty of his perſon, and for his ambitious ſpirit.

Queen Margaret, who was then Regent of the kingdom, widow of king James IV, of Scotland, and daughter of king Henry VII, of England, encouraged his addreſſes. Without waiting for the general conſent of the nation, they were married, Auguſt 6, 1514 (6).

It might have been expected, that our Author, becauſe of his noble birth, his princely connections, and his own eminent talents, would have met with little or no interruption in his advancement to the higheſt offices in the church. But it was found to be otherwiſe. The influence of the Queen was greatly diminiſhed in conſequence of her marriage with the Earl of Angus. Her title to the regency was no longer generally acknowledged. And the rivalſhip for power among the nobles, eſpecially between the families of Hamilton and Douglas, during the minority of king James V, divided the nation into parties, and was the occaſion of a continued ſcene of misfortunes to our Author (7).

His

His ambition, however, naturally roſe upon the marriage of his nephew with the Queen. It was ſuitable to their political purpoſes, that he ſhould be ſpeedily promoted to places of greater importance: and the preſent juncture ſeemed in ſome reſpects favourable.

From the time of the battle at Flowdon, in which the Archbiſhop of St Andrews, the Biſhop of the Iſles, the Abbot of Kilwinning, the Abbot of Inchaffray, and ſome other churchmen were killed, many of the great benefices had remained vacant. The Queen had preſented qualified perſons. But the diſturbances excited by the diſappointed candidates, ſtill kept the places open, till the determinations of the Pope could be obtained, to whom all parties had their recourſe.

The Queen, Auguſt 5, 1514, which was the day preceding her marriage with the Earl of Angus, wrote a letter at Perth, to Pope Leo X, on the ſubject of the benefices. In the liſt of perſons recommended by her, ſhe mentioned Gavin Douglas, and requeſted that the Abbey of Aberbrothick, which was one of the richeſt in the kingdom, might be conferred upon him (8).

She again wrote a letter to the Pope, wholly in his behalf. "Maſter Gavin Douglas," ſaid ſhe, "is

highly acceptable to us. He is one of the firſt nobility in the kingdom, and is ſecond to no perſon in learning and in virtuous life. He already, with œconomical power, preſides in the Abbey of Aberbrothick: nor will his own family ſuffer him to be driven from it; at leaſt, if a ſuperior force ſhould prevail, much variance would be the conſequence.

"We therefore very earneſtly intreat, that this man, who is worthy not only of an Abbey, but of the higheſt authority, even of the Primacy of the kingdom, and of a greater than it, may have the government of the ſaid Monaſtery, till he ſhall be endowed with a more ample Prelacy"(9).

An opportunity of preſenting him to the primacy of the kingdom quickly occurred. William Elphinſton, Biſhop of Aberdeen, who, probably becauſe of his great age, had with the conſent of all parties been appropriated to the ſee of St Andrew's, died October 25, 1514. The queen immediately recommended Gavin Douglas to the Archbiſhopric.

"He took poſſeſſion," ſays Buchanan, "of the Caſtle of St Andrew's, relying on the ſplendor of his family, on his own virtue and learning, and on his having been nominated by the Queen."

But ſhe was unable to protect or maintain him in the poſſeſſion, John Hepburn, Prior of the regular

Canons

Carons of St Andrew's, having procured his own monks to elect him to the archbiſhopric, under the pretext of an ancient right which the monaſtery, in conjunction with the Caldees, once had enjoyed, expelled from the caſtle, the ſervants of Gavin Douglas, and fortified it with a ſtrong garriſon.

THE Queen and the Earl of Angus were filled with indignation, when they heard of the violence of John Hepburn. But he was encouraged and ſupported by ſome great men of the kingdom: and probably it proceeded from the requeſt of our Author, whoſe delicate ſenſe of the true dignity of the Eccleſiaſtical character was uncommon in the times in which he lived, that no violent efforts were uſed againſt the Prior.

SOME of the Popes had granted power to the ſovereign princes in Scotland, to preſent within eight months to benefices above the yearly value of two hundred ducats (10). But often when the king was a minor, or when other pretences were furniſhed, the Popes reſumed the power and acted as patrones.

LEO X. did ſo at this time. He ſet aſide both the competitors who were contending for the ſee of St Andrew's.

ANDREW Forman, Biſhop of Moray, in Scotland, and Archbiſhop of Bourges in France, was then at Rome

Rome acting in his own behalf. The king of France and the Duke of Albany had ſolicited the Pope in his favour: and the Pope by his letter, dated at Rome, December 8, 1514, addreſſed to Queen Margaret and to the Council of Scotland, inveſted him with the gift of the Archbiſhopric of St Andrew's, of the Abbeys of Dunfermling and Aberbrothick, and of all the other benefices which had belonged to the late archbiſhop (11).

THUS partly by violence, and partly by intrigue, our Author was diſappointed both of the abbey and of the archbiſhopric (12).

GEORGE Brown, Biſhop of Dunkeld, died at his caſtle, in the Iſle of Cluny, January 14, 1514—15. The Queen was then at Perth, with thoſe lords of the council who were of her party. As ſhe entertained but faint hopes of our Author obtaining the vacant ſee of St Andrew's, ſhe, with the advice of theſe lords, preſented him, in the king's name, to the vacant ſee of Dunkeld.

BUT there was already a competitor in that ſee. Biſhop Brown's death was reported at Dunkeld before it had actually happened, and means were immediately employed to ſecure the ſuffrages of the chapter in favour of Andrew Stewart, Prebendary of the Church of Craig, in the ſhire of Forfar, and brother of the Earl of Athole.

HE

He was not capable of being fully elected according to the Canon Law, becauſe he had not yet arrived at the office of a ſub-deacon. He was therefore poſtulated, as was cuſtomary in ſuch a caſe, by the canons and prebendaries, and reference was made to the patron for confirmation.

The Queen, to ſtrengthen her authority, applied to the Pope. By the aſſiſtance of her brother king Henry VIII, ſhe procured from Rome a Bull or Apoſtolical Decree in favour of Gavin Douglas.

But the interference of the Pope was far from being of uſe for ſome time. The political influence of the Queen and of her huſband was daily declining. John Stewart Duke of Albany, grandſon of king James II, and couſin of the late king, arrived in Scotland from France, May 10, 1515. The Earl of Angus either privately left the kingdom, or durſt not publicly appear: and the parliament, which met at Edinburgh, July 12, declared the Duke of Albany Regent, and inſtated him in the full exerciſe of his office.

In ſome former reigns, laws had been enacted againſt procuring or making uſe of preſentations from the court of Rome, to ſuch benefices as were in the king's gift. The offending perſons, if they did not reſign their benefices when required, were to be

be declared rebels and traitors, and to be puniſhed with baniſhment, and with the proſcription of goods.

These laws were generally diſregarded. But they were made a handle of in the caſe of Gavin Douglas, who was too nearly related to the Earl of Angus not to feel the effects of the Regent's jealouſy (13).

He was therefore ſummoned to anſwer to the charge of tranſgreſſing the laws of the kingdom. The judges, according to the laſt parliamentary ſtatute (14), were to be "the beſt and worthieſt clerks of the realm". They were to report their judgment to the lords of the Privy Council. If the perſon tried was found guilty, the ſentence was to be publiſhed in the name of the king and three eſtates, and the execution of it was to be committed to the Chancellor.

The Chancellor, in the time of Gavin Douglas, was James Beaton, Archbiſhop of Glaſgow, a partiſan of the Earl of Arran; and who, probably, as a churchman, preſided at the trial.

It was not allowed as a ſufficient defence of our Author that the Queen had preſented him in the name of her ſon, becauſe her title to the Regency had been diſputed from the time of her ſecond marriage. It would have been inconſiſtent with the honour of his character

character to renounce all right derived from her recommendation, as he and many others had continued to acknowledge her as Regent. And to relinquish his claim derived from the Pope's gift, he might reckon an offence against the authority of the church in such matters, and contrary to the sincerity which became him in the religion he professed.

"He was found guilty," says Miln, "of acting against the laws of the kingdom. He was banished by the unanimous voice of his judges; and the see of Dunkeld was declared vacant."

The sentence of his banishment, however, was not executed. If he had gone to England, he would have been well received by king Henry VIII, who was not displeased with his sister, for having married the Earl of Angus, and was highly dissatisfied with the late proceedings in Scotland. If he had gone to Rome, he might have watched the favourable opportunities of prevailing against his rivals in the church, and of obtaining benefices from the Pope, whose authority could not long be contested in Scotland, in the manner in which it now was. The Regent therefore, and Chancellor thought it most prudent that he should be sent to prison.

His trial seems to have happened early in July, 1515: and his imprisonment continued till August or September, 1516.

The

THE firſt place of his confinement was the Caſtle of Edinburgh. Afterward he was conveyed to the Caſtle of St Andrew's, where he was committed to the care of Prior John Hepburn, his former antagoniſt in the archbiſhopric: from thence he was conveyed to the Caſtle of Dunbar, and again to the Caſtle of Edinburgh.

WHILE he was confined ſome events happened, the report of which would give him pain.

THE Queen, Auguſt 9, 1515, was in expectation of having the young king and his brother committed to her cuſtody, by means of Alexander Lord Hume, whom the Regent had already diſguſted. It appears to have been her reſolution to carry her children with her into England. But her ſcheme being diſappointed, ſhe retired to England, Auguſt 12; whither Lord Hume, who was denounced a rebel, becauſe of the aſſiſtance he had given her, alſo went; and where alſo the Earl of Angus, and ſome of his relations, took refuge (15).

IN the dioceſe of Dunkeld, Andrew Stewart, the poſtulate biſhop, obtained the king's warrant from the Duke of Albany for levying all the rents of the biſhopric. But the Dean of Dunkeld, George Hepburn, ſon of Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hales, adhered to

to the ſtrictneſs of the Canon Law, and retained the tithes till the biſhop ſhould be confirmed.

MILN gives a good character of the Dean, according to the notions of religion entertained in thoſe days, (16.)

NOT long after the commencement of the vacancy, the Dean was elected by the Chapter "Vicar general of Dunkeld, and official for the charge of ſouls." His piety was exemplary, and, notwithſtanding his great age, he acted with zeal and with a conſiderable degree of vigour in the temporal, as well as in the ſpiritual concerns of the dioceſe.

HE met with trouble in endeavouring to promote the cauſe of our Author. In a court which he kept at Dunkeld, and to which he had called the tenants and vaſſals, he began to recommend the Queen's right, and the peace of the country.

BUT a perſon of the name of John, whoſe ſurname, Miln, out of tenderneſs conceals, and who acted as an agent for the poſtulate biſhop, fired the great guns of the Caſtle or Epiſcopal Palace, at the houſe where the court was ſitting, and threatened the Dean with immediate death if he did not ceaſe from exerciſing his juriſdiction.

John was excommunicated for the disturbance he had given. But instead of obeying the sentence he came daily to the church, and frequently in company with Andrew Stewart.

"At last," says Miln, "Matters were brought to such an issue, that at Dunkeld there was a total stop put to the performance of divine worship. From St Nicolas' day," (December 5, 1515), "till Palm-sunday" (1516), "there was no attendance in the church, neither on sundays, nor on saints' days; no vespers, no mattins, no stated service of the canons, and no mass of any kind."

In August or September, 1516, the affairs of our Author took a more favourable turn. By the mediation of king Henry VIII, an agreement took place between the Duke of Albany on the one part, and the Queen and Earl of Angus on the other, one of the articles of which agreement was, that Gavin Douglas should be set at liberty.

The Chancellor, James Beaton, accommodating himself to this new turn of affairs, joined his influence in mediating a reconciliation between the Regent and Gavin Douglas, so that nothing should be allowed to hinder his settlement at Dunkeld.

The

THE Chancellor invited him to Glaſgow, where he himſelf performed the ceremony of conſecrating him to the epiſcopal office; and as he knew his funds were low, from the circumſtances he had lately been in, he paid all the expences which attended the conſecration, and gave him preſents.

OUR Author, now Biſhop of Dunkeld, proceeded from Glaſgow to St Andrew's, which was the ſeat of his metropolitan. From thence he went to Dunkeld to be enthroned in his own Cathedral. The clergy and laity there received him with every teſtimony of affection. They accompanied him to the cathedral, where he gave them his bleſſing, and where the Pope's Bull, which once had occaſioned him ſo much trouble, was publiſhed with the uſual ſolemnities, at the great altar.

BUT the Caſtle, which was the Epiſcopal Palace, was occupied by the ſervants of Andrew Stewart: and the Biſhop, not obtaining acceſs there, lodged in the houſe of the Dean.

THE next day, the ſteeple or tower of the cathedral being alſo filled with Andrew Stewart's men, it was reckoned not ſafe for the Biſhop to return to the church. He performed divine ſervice in the Dean's houſe, where he alſo held his firſt chapterly meeting, in which the mutual oaths were adminiſtered.

After dinner, while he was adviſing with his friends about what courſe he ought to follow, whether he ſhould ſend notice of his ſituation to the Regent, or whether he ſhould go to the Regent in perſon, news was brought that Andrew Stewart was in arms, and coming to aſſiſt his ſervants in the palace. At the ſame time the great guns were fired at the Dean's houſe from the palace and from the ſteeple.

The Biſhop's company immediately prepared for his defence. Thoſe of them whom Miln, who was upon the ſpot, mentions, were James third Lord Ogilvy of Airly, David Lindſay Maſter of Crawford, Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, (Chartres) Laird of Kinfauns, James Carmichael; George Hepburn dean of Dunkeld, Thomas Greig prebendary of Alyth, and many other churchmen.

While they ſet themſelves to oppoſe the progreſs of the prebendary of Craig, they ſent meſſengers to inform the Biſhop's friends in Angus and in other places of his ſituation. In conſequence of which, a great number of people arrived at Dunkeld the next day, not only from the neighbouring country, but alſo from Montroſe, and from the lower parts of Fyfe.

Andrew Stewart, finding that there was a great multitude to oppoſe him, retired with his company into

into the woods. His ſervants who ſtill kept poſſeſſion of the palace and ſteeple, were, after a little time, expelled partly by ſtratagem, partly by military force though without bloodſhed, but chiefly by the terrors of excommunication.

THE pretence of Andrew Stewart was that the Regent had committed to him the keeping of theſe places, and that therefore he could not deliver them without the Regent's ample warrant.

HE and his brother the Earl of Athole went immediately to court to complain of the expulſion. The Biſhop followed to juſtify his own conduct. "For ſome time," ſays Milh, "there were mutual accuſations. However, by the wiſdom of ſome of the counſellors, they agreed upon theſe terms, that Andrew Stewart ſhould retain all the Biſhop's rents he had received; and ſhould alſo have the churches of Alyth and Cargill, upon condition of paying ſome chalders of victual to the Biſhop," (17.)

THIS reconciliation may be ſuppoſed to have happened September 28, 1516, as the Duke of Albany's letter to the Pope concerning it is of that date.

THE letter was written in a ſtrain remarkably ſubmiſſive. Leo X, was a Patron of learned men, and an encourager of the fine arts. He was well inform-

ed that Gavin Douglas bore in his own country a character of eminent learning and genius. It may therefore be preſumed that he ſincerely intended to favour the promotion of ſuch a perſon; and that the Duke of Albany was afraid of his being more ready on that account to reſent the affront which had been offered to the Papal Authority.

THE complimentary expreſſions in the letter, when rendered into plain Engliſh, may appear ridiculous or offenſive. But the following tranſlation may not only ſhew the policy of the Regent in palliating what had happened, but may alſo ſtill farther illuſtrate the character and hiſtory of our Author, whoſe acceptance of a Bull from the Pope was declared to be a crime no longer than was reckoned convenient.

"To Leo X. Sovereign Pontiff.

"Moſt bleſſed father, we are happy to kiſs your feet.

"SOME time ſince the church of Dunkeld became vacant by the death of George, it's late Paſtor, who died at home. The Preſident and Chapter, reſiding at Dunkeld at the time, poſtulated to the church as their paſtor, though as to ſacred matters they could not canonically elect, an illuſtrious man, Mr Andrew Stewart, by both his parents procreate of royal blood, ſon of the Earl of Athole, and powerful in thoſe parts.

"THEY

"THEY committed to his keeping and protection the Lands, Caſtles and Places belonging to the Biſhopric, that by his authority the incurſions of the Woodland people might be repelled.

"BUT your holineſs, as was reported by the moſt Reverend Cardinal of Medicis, aſſumed to the church of Dunkeld Gavin Douglas; who by the frequent letters of your clemency to us, being at laſt reconciled to us, is now admitted to the poſſeſſion of that church.

"LEST, however, any tumult or ſedition ſhould ariſe, we have perſuaded the other, who under pretence of his being poſtulated held the forts and caſtles, to enter into an agreement, which, if confirmed by the authority of your Bleſſedneſs, would happily end the whole affair. What we therefore entreat at preſent is, that all defects of law and deed, and all errors being removed, the contract may be ordered to be obſerved.

"A more full relation will be made by the moſt Reverend Cardinal of St Euſebius.

"MOST Bleſſed Father, farewell. From Edinburgh, 28th day of the month of September, in the year of ſalvation, 1516," (18.) (19.)

FROM

"From this time," says Miln, "the church, and the whole province of Dunkeld enjoyed peace. The bishop, though he was loaded with debts, yet gave himself to good works. His first work was the bridge" (over the river Tay at Dunkeld)," one arch of which his predecessor had built, and his executors drove the piles for other two. Bishop Douglas continued the work; and upon his receiving two hundred and forty pounds from Bishop George's executors, the work was so much brought forward that all foot people had an easy passage. His other good works, spiritual and temporal, I leave to the pens of the higher canons."

Thus Abbot Miln finishes his account of Gavin Douglas, and also concludes his book of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld. It was wrote by him while he was one of the lesser canons, and therefore before 1518, when he succeeded Patrick Panter as Abbot of Cambuskenneth: for he concludes his dedication to the bishop and chapter with these words, "Alexander Miln, an unworthy canon, official of Dunkeld and prebendary of Monedy, wishes joy and increase in godliness," (20.)

In 1517, the bishop of Dunkeld was one of those counsellors who were appointed to assist the Duke of Albany in negociating a treaty with France. The bishop

biſhop and the other counſellors went for that purpoſe to France, May 13th, 1517; and the Duke, June 7th.

In January, 1517—18, the biſhop left France, and returned to his own country, bringing with him a ſubſcribed copy of the treaty, which was called a renewal of the ancient league between the two nations, (21.)

June 27th, 1518, he was employed in ſuch matters of party, or of national concern, as required him to correſpond with ſome perſons in England. There is an original letter, ſubſcribed by the biſhop, of the date above-mentioned, in the Cotton Library, the contents of which are not yet publickly known, (22.)

He ſeems, before the end of that year, to have gone into England: for Mr Pinkerton has told us that in the ſame library, "is a letter from Angus and others," (of date, December 14th, 1518) "recommending the biſhop to the king of England, to ſettle ſome points between them," (23.)

He was at Edinburgh, April 30, 1520, when a bloody conteſt happened on the ſtreets of that city, between the followers of James Hamilton Earl of Arran, and the followers of the Earl of Angus.

The

THE deſign of the Earl of Arran and his party was to ſeize the Earl of Angus, and, in all probability, afterward to put him to death.

AN active perſon on the ſide of Arran was James Beaton, Archbiſhop of Glaſgow. His zeal for the enterpriſe prompted him to do what was not uncommon among the churchmen in his time, but which the frequency of the practice could not render honourable in any of their profeſſion: he put on a ſuite of armour, which however he concealed under his canonical habit, with a reſolution perſonally to aſſiſt his party.

THE biſhop went to him, and entreated him to join, as a churchman, in mediating a peace between the two Earls. Upon his refuſing to meddle in the affair, the biſhop could not help inſinuating a ſuſpicion of his being an inſtigator in the animoſity which then ſubſiſted, and of his being privy to a dangerous deſign.

THE archbiſhop thought proper to aſſert his innocency, and to appeal to the peace of his own conſcience. In doing ſo, he clapped his hand, inadvertently, with ſome violence, upon his own breaſt, which made the iron plates of the armour to give a rattling ſound.

THE

THE biſhop was ſurpriſed at the diſcovery, and felt a becoming indignation, "My Lord," ſaid he, "I perceive your conſcience clatters," (24.)

WHEN his efforts with ſome other perſons had proved ineffectual, he retired with grief to his own houſe (25), where he employed himſelf in ſuch acts of devotion as were ſuitable to the danger his friends were in. But he allowed his ſervants to uſe their arms in the defence of the Earl of Angus.

ANGUS and his party were attacked, and came off victorious. Seventy two perſons of the oppoſite party were killed, ſome of them men of conſiderable rank. The archbiſhop, who had been perſonally engaged, and who, as Buchanan expreſſes it, "flew about in armour as a fire-brand of ſedition," narrowly eſcaped: he was taken from behind the high altar in the Black-friers church, to which he had fled for ſhelter, and owed the preſervation of his life to the interceſſion of Gavin Douglas, (26.)

IN November, 1521, the party, which was headed by the Earl of Arran, ſo entirely prevailed, that proſecutions were commenced againſt the Earl of Angus, and againſt many of his friends. The biſhop thought it moſt prudent to retire into England. In the Cotton Library, "are inſtructions for him from Angus and others, to implore the King of England's aid

aid againſt Albany the governor," dated, December 14, 1521 (27). He reſided in London, where he endeavoured to relieve his mind with the converſation of ſome learned men.

But two events occured, one of which tended to imbitter to him the place of his reſidence, and the other to increaſe the animoſity of his enemies at home in their procedure againſt him.

The firſt was the war which now broke out between Scotland and England. He thereby found himſelf reſident in an enemy's country; a circumſtance, which was not only diſagreeable to himſelf, but which was alſo repreſented to his diſadvantage in the Scottiſh court.

The other was the vacancies of the See of St Andrews, and of the Abbay of Dunfermling, which happened by the death of Andrew Forman in the beginning of the year, 1522.

The eager expectant of theſe benefices was James Beaton, who not only as Archbiſhop of Glaſgow, but alſo as chancellor of the kingdom, had much influence in all public affairs. The rival whom he moſt dreaded was the biſhop of Dunkeld: he therefore exerted his utmoſt endeavours either to diſappoint him, or to accompliſh his ruin.

There

THERE is ſome ground to believe that the Biſhop of Dunkeld was not without hopes of obtaining theſe benefices from the Pope, by means of the emperor, and of the King of England, and that he had formed a reſolution of going to Rome perſonally to ſolicit the preferments, or at leaſt to remain there till he could ſafely return to his own country.

IN the mean time a Proceſs in Scotland was carrying on againſt him in his abſence; the nature and iſſue of which appeared in a Proclamation at Edinburgh, February 22d 1521—22; which was made in the name of the King of Scots, and ordered in the preſence of the Regent, with the advice of the Lords of Council, and of the three Eſtates of Parliament.

THE particulars were, "that Gavin, Biſhop of Dunkeld, not only without the permiſſion of the Regent and three Eſtates, but even contrary to the Regent's expreſs command had entered England. That he was intending to remain there, to the betraying of this Kingdom, as might be conjectured from manifeſt tokens. That he was joining himſelf to the hoſtile Engliſh, even after war had been declared. By which doings he had fallen into the crime of Treaſon, according as it was defined in the Acts of Parliament.

"THEREFORE, for the diſcouragement of Conſpiracies and Rebellions, it was enacted that the Vicar

General of St Andrews, Ordinary of the foreſaid Biſhop, ſhould go to Dunkeld, there to ſequeſtrate the Revenues of the Biſhopric: And that no perſon whatever, under pain of treaſon, ſhould furniſh money or other means of ſupport to the Biſhop, or inform him by letters or meſſengers of any thing that was paſſing."

In the ſame Proclamation, it was declared, by the three Eſtates, "that letters from the King and the Regent ſhould be ſent to their ſacred Lord the Pope, leſt, contrary to the privileges of the kingdom formerly granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs, he ſhould aſſume or commend the foreſaid Gavin to the Archbiſhopric of St Andrews, to the Abbay of Dunfermling, or to either of them, to the great injury of the commonwealth.

"Also That theſe letters might not be reckoned by the Pope to proceed from private picque againſt Gavin, or from partial favour to any other perſon, the three Eſtates were to ſend ſupplicatory letters to the ſame effect: and all the letters were to be authenticated by the great ſeal of the Sovereign Lord the King," (28).

So much afraid was James Beaton of Gavin Douglas obtaining the vacant benefices, that he himſelf wrote a letter from Edinburgh, April 8th, 1522, to Chriſtiern II, King of Denmark, in which he beſought that

that King to command his miniſters at Rome to endeavour to diſuade the new Pope, Adrian VI, from recommending Gavin Douglas.

"It is my duty," ſaid he, "to write in this manner becauſe of my office as chancellor. For Gavin is undermining the liberties of this kingdom. He is acting contrary to it's moſt ancient eſtabliſhments, and to the privileges granted to our kings by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Without having received letters from the king or from the Regent, nay, by means of our enemies, the moſt auguſt Emperor and the King of England, he is making intereſt with the apoſtolical ſee for the Archbiſhopric of St Andrews, and for the monaſtery of Dunfermling, which are the chief Eccleſiaſtical ſeats in the kingdom," (29).

But at the time when this laſt letter was written, Gavin Douglas had got beyond the power of all his enemies, and was removed from all contraverſies about earthly promotions. The plague raged at London, which proved fatal to him, about the end of March or the beginning of April, 1522, not long after he had completed the forty ſeventh year of his age.

If he had lived till the Earl of Angus came again into power, he would, no doubt, have been reſtored with honour to his native country. But whatever preferments he might have attained, the revolutions

in the adminiſtration of affairs in Scotland were ſo frequent, and ſo violently carried on; and his connexion with the Earl of Angus was ſo incapable of being diſſolved, whoſe ambition and arbitrary proceedings became intolerable to the king and to the whole nation, that he muſt ſtill have been expoſed to many troubles, (30).

THOMAS Halſay, Biſhop of Leighlin in Ireland, died at London nearly about the ſame time with our Author. They were both interred in the Hoſpital Church of the Savoy. It is to be hoped that their monumental ſtone is ſtill to be ſeen. After the inſcription for the Biſhop of Leighlin, the following words were added,

"*Cui, Lævus, Conditur, Gawinus, Douglas, Scotus, Dunkelden, Præſul, Patria, Sua Exul. 1522,*" (31).

At the left ſide of whom, is buried Gavin Douglas, a Scotchman, Biſhop of Dunkeld, an exile from his native country, 1522.

JOHN Leſly, Biſhop of Roſs, ſays of him, "If he had not mixed himſelf in the national tumults, he would have been truly worthy of being conſecrated or immortalized in the books and memory of all perſons, on account of his poignant wit, and ſingular erudition."

BUT

But conſidering the high opinion entertained of his abilities, and the friends who demanded his ſupport, whom he could not deſert without the imputation of ſelfiſhly conſulting his own tranquillity, it was not poſſible for him to avoid being entangled in the public affairs, unleſs he had retired from the world altogether; which in his circumſtances he could not have done without aſſuming, and ſtrictly adhering to the rules of the monaſtic life.

Buchanan, though no popiſh biſhop as Leſly was, and to whom no one will impute a partiality in favour of the Romiſh clergy, ſpeaks of him in more honourable terms, "Gavin Douglas," ſays he, "left among good men a high reliſh of his virtue. Beſide the ſplendor of his birth, and the graceful dignity of his perſon, he was poſſeſſed of the various kinds of literature which were cultivated in the times in which he lived, of the ſtricteſt temperance, and of a ſingular moderation of mind. In turbulent affairs, and amidſt adverſe nations, he preſerved his faithfulneſs unſhaken, and was held in eſteem. He left behind him excellent monuments of his genius and learning, written in his native tongue."

Also Abbot Miln, who, being one of his own canons, had the beſt opportunies of knowing him in his private character and in the government of his ſee, when ſpeaking of him ſays, "He was inſtructed

in all divine and human learning.—A man of genius, of great ſkill in Divinity, and in the Canon Law.'' —"On the day of his inſtallation at Dunkeld, the Clergy and Laity joined in praiſing God for giving them ſo noble, ſo learned, and ſo decent a Biſhop."

It does not appear certain that he wrote upon any of the ſubjects of Theology. His book, to which he gave the title of "Aureæ Narrationes," or Golden Hiſtories, but which does not ſeem to be now extant, might poſſibly contain ſomething of that kind.

The account which he appears to give of it in his epiſtle to Henry Lord Sinclair, is, that it expounded "ſtrange Hiſtories, and uncommon terms." From which it may be conjectured, that, like Lord Verulam's book "of the wiſdom of the ancients," it contained a moral and religious explanation of the tables of antiquity.

But his genius led him chiefly to Poetical compoſition, in which, it is not to be doubted, he indulged himſelf very early. He took pleaſure in rural deſcription, and in relating heroic achievements; and as he had a particular fondneſs for his vernacular language, he may be ſuppoſed to have been the Author of ſome of the paſtoral and heroic ballads, or celebrated ſongs of his time, though he did not formally acknowlege them.

The firſt Poetical piece of any conſequence which he thought proper to own, was his tranſlation of Ovid's Book "De Remedio Amoris." His tranſlation probably was printed; but no copy of it is ſuppoſed to remain.

It has been conjectured, from what has been ſuggeſted perhaps from no unqueſtionable authority (32), that he found the exerciſe of tranſlating this book neceſſary to cure him of a youthful attachment, which according to the Rules of the Popiſh church he could not continue in a conſiſtency with his view of entering into holy orders.

He ſeems indeed to allude to the Law of Celebacy in his laſt adventure at the Palace of Honour. The habitation of the honourable Ladies was ſurrounded by a deep ditch. When he attempted to paſs over by the narrow Bridge by which, no doubt, he meant the ceremony of marriage, he fell into the water, and awaked from his dream.

In 1501, when he was about twenty ſeven years of age, he wrote his allegorical Poem of the Palace of Honour. He dedicated it to King James IV, whom Eraſmus in one of his adagies, commends as a Prince endowed "with great quickneſs of genius, and with univerſal knowlege." The allegory is of that mixed kind which introduces ideal perſons with ſuch as are real,

and

and the Greek and Roman mythology with sacred History. The Author, in a vision, finds himself in a wilderness, where he sees troops of persons travelling to the Palace of Honour. They are severally described by him. He then joins himself to the train of the muses, and in their company proceeds to the happy place.

He displays great powers of invention. The Poem abounds not only with moral lessons, but with lively and picturesque descriptions: and the language, tho' it may now appear barbarous to many, because of its obsolete words and seeming deficiences in construction, is artfully compiled and wonderfully expressive.

It has been several times printed. A copy of the best edition, which was printed at Edinburgh in 1579, has been preserved in the Advocates Library; and from it the Morisons, Bookfellers in Perth, were allowed to give their Edition.

Another of Gavin Douglas' youthful performances was his "Comœdiæ Sacræ." To turn pieces of sacred History into Dramatic Poems, and to represent them on the stage, continued to be the fashion long after our Author's time. Buchanan's compositions of this kind were conducted with decency. They were suitable to the dignity of the subjects, and to the characters of the persons he introduced. But oft-times absurd circumstances mingled in such compositions.

We

We know not how our Author's performance was conducted, as no copy of it is supposed to remain.

A discovery has lately been made of another Poem ascribed to our Author, and to which the title has been given of "King Hart." Mr Pinkerton found it in Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington's manuscript collection of Scottish Poetry, now in the Pepysian Library at Cambrige. He has favoured his country with the publication of it, and of some other Poems from that same collection. Maitland believed it to be the work of our Author, as appears from his affixing the words "Quod Maister Gawin Douglas Bishop of Dunkeld."

It contains an allegorical description of the different stages of man's life; and leaves upon the mind of the reader a melancholy conviction of the folly of those persons who, having yielded themselves to the dictates of pleasure, are thereby resigned to the invading infirmities of old age, and find cause to be afraid at the approach of death.

Before the time of its being inserted by Sir Richard Maitland in his collection, which could not be sooner than the year 1555, it is possible some expressions were altered, or interpolations introduced, which the Bishop would not have approved.

In imitation of the wit or pleaſantry of the Latin, and more eſpecially of the Greek Poets, our Author affected to think that he had given great offence to Venus, not only by his tranſlating Ovid's book "of the cure of Love," but alſo by his having uttered a bitter complaint, or hypochondriacal invective againſt her in the firſt part of his Poem of the Palace of Honour.

He repreſents himſelf in that Poem as reſcued from her reſentment by the muſes. And when he ſaw her again on his arrival at the Palace, ſhe gave him a book, viz. Virgil's Æneid, which ſhe commanded him to tranſlate. He promiſed to obey her command and took his leave of her.

To this he refers in his Epiſtle to Lord Sinclair, when preſenting to him the tranſlation of the Æneid, in which he ſpeaks to the following purpoſe,

"I have fulfilled the Promiſe which I made to Venus about twelve years ago, as my Palace of Honour witneſſeth. I then undertook to tranſlate Virgil's volume of her ſon Æneas. My Lord, it was at your command that I compiled this work in our vulgar tongue: Yet allow Dame Venus to have her compliment,

"Whom to, ſome time, ye were an ſervand true."

A

A very amiable character of this nobleman is given by him in his firſt Prologue or preface to the Æneid, where he ſpeaks to the following effect.

"I engaged to tranſlate this moſt excellent book at the requeſt of a renowned Lord, Henry Lord Sinclair, an illuſtrious Baron of noble anceſtry, the father of books, the protector of ſcience and learning. Divers times, with preſſing arguments, he prayed me to tranſlate Virgil and Homer. Being nearly related to him in blood, I regarded his requeſt as a command. What perſon that has any courtieſy in his mind, can gainſay a Lord ſo kind and gentle? beſide his natural politeneſs of manners, his humanity, his courage, his chivalry, and freedom of ſpirit, he takes as great delight in collecting, and reading books, as ever king Ptolomy II, did."

About ſix weeks after the tranſlation of the Æneid was finiſhed, Henry Lord Sinclair, who was the Mœcenas of his times in Scotland, was killed at the battle of Flowdon. Our Author loſt in that ſame battle not only his two elder brothers, and the king his Patron, but alſo many other friends. Two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas are ſaid to have been killed. The national and particular loſſes which our Author felt on that ſad occaſion, might incline him to compoſe ſome pieces of Elegiac Poetry. But if he compoſed any, none of them are now known as having been acknowledged by him.

He had ſaid in his Epilogue to the Æneid, that his muſe ever afterward ſhould be wholly contemplative and ſolitary as a bird in a cage. That he had attained the ſummit of man's Life, or the half of threeſcore years and ten, and was now deſcending on the other ſide. Therefore, ſaid he,

"Here I reſigne up younkeries obſervance,
And will direct my labours evermore,
Unto the commonwealth, and Goddis Gloir."

Yet it may be conjectured that he was the Author of that celebrated Elegiac ſong, which deſcribes the devaſtation occaſioned by the battle of Flowdon, in that part of the country with which he had long been well acquainted (33.)

He began to tranſlate the Æneid, January 1511—12; and finiſhed his tranſlation of it, and of the ſupplementary book of Mapheus, on the Feaſt day of St Mary Magdalen, viz, July 22d 1513.

But he was cloſely employed in the work only ſixteen months: For during two months it lay by him untouched, on account of ſome matters of great and ſerious conſequence in which he was occupied (34). This he mentions as an apology, if his work ſhould be thought ſubtile and obſcure, and not ſo pleaſant as it ought to be. Yet he beſeeches that neither his rhymes, nor any of his words may be altered.

To

To each of the books of the Æneid, and to Maphæus' ſupplement, he prefixed a Prologue. Some of theſe Prologues have been greatly admired for their moral tendency, and their luxuriancy of deſcription. The Prologue to the 12th book, which contains the deſcription of a morning in May, has been happily tranſlated into modern Engliſh by a Scotch Poet, the late Jerom Stone.

Our Author divided each book of the Æneid into chapters, and prefixed to each chapter a Poetical title narrating the contents.

Leslv mentions the high opinion he entertained of our Author's tranſlation. "He hath rendered," ſays he, "our language illuſtrious by many monuments of his erudition. Among theſe this proof of his genius is by far the moſt excellent, that he gave us the Æneid of Virgil in our common Idiom, with ſuch dexterity, that each line of Scotch anſwers to one of Latin; with ſuch energy of phraſe, that they who underſtand it will admire the hidden force of our language: and with ſuch ſucceſs, that the honour conferred on the ancient Poets cannot eaſily be compared with the praiſe which he deſerves in this way of writing: For in ſo much as our language is rough, and deſtitute of that copiouſneſs which recommends the Latin, the praiſe of Douglas is the more illuſtrious. In his tranſlation of Virgil the

ſweetneſs of the verſes, and the gravity of the ſentences have been preſerved; he hath clearly explained the ſignifications of the words, and given the full ſtrength of almoſt every period. And all this was done by him in the ſpace only of eighteen months." (35).

LESLY, however, ſeems to have wrote from memory, and had forgot when he ſaid that only one line of Scotch was given for one of Latin.

A great part of the language of the tranſlation is now obſelete, and the delicacy of pronouncing it is conſequently loſt. The poliſh of Virgil's Verſes cannot therefore be eaſily perceived in it. But ſuch perſons as will take a little trouble in becoming acquainted with the gloſſary will be convinced that Gavin Douglas fully ſaw and felt the beauties of his Author; that he was careful not to omit any of them, and has improved ſome of them with conſiderable judgment; they will find that every thing proceeds ſo freely, is ſo ſtrongly imagined, and ſo naturally expreſſed as to give his work the ſuperior excellence of not only captivating their attention in a pleaſing manner, but of making them ready to forget that they are reading a tranſlation.

THOUGH he loved his vernacular language, yet he again and again called it barbarous. He wiſhed to

ſoften and enlarge it. His purpoſe was to write as he had learned to ſpeak when he "was a page," which means when he was a boy: yet he determined not altogether to neglect the ſouthern dialect, and thought it beſt to pronounce ſome words as his Engliſh neighbours did. He declared that, rather than remain ſilent, through the ſcarcity of Scotiſh words, he would uſe baſtard Latin, French, or Engliſh, which he reckoned he might do as lawfully, as the Latin writers of old made uſe of ſome Greek terms.

His ambition was that Virgil's book ſhould be read by every nobleman and gentleman in Scotland, and that "unlettered folks ſhould know, what learned clerks only had been able to comprehend."

Mapheus Vegius, a native of Italy, who was almoner to Pope Martin V, and who died in 1458, was reckoned a happy imitator of Virgil's ſtile. Some of his countrymen gave him the commendation of his being the beſt of all the Poets who had appeared in a thouſand years, Petrarch, who had wore the Laurel, not excepted.

His Works were much read in the time of our Author. His ſupplementary book to the Æneid has been often printed with Virgil's works; and our Author, in order to complete the ſtory of Æneas, has given a tranſlation of it.

THE laſt work of Gavin Douglas was a hiſtory of Scotland. He did not live to finiſh it; at leaſt if he wrote all that he intended, it was only a ſummary, beginning with an account of the origin of the Scotch nation.

NOTHING more is known concerning it than what may be learned from the following relation which was given by Polydore Virgil.

"GAVIN Douglas Biſhop of Dunkeld, a Scotchman and a man of the higheſt nobility and virtue, came into England, I know not for what cauſe. When he heard that I had long been employed in writing a hiſtory, he came to viſit me, and we contracted a friendſhip. He afterwards very earneſtly requeſted that in any account I ſhould give of the affairs of Scotland I would not follow a hiſtory which had been lately publiſhed by a certain Scotchman. He promiſed to ſend in a few days a ſmall commentary, which would be of uſe to me in that part of my work. This he accordingly did; and the firſt thing I found in the commentary, was an account of the very ancient origin of that nation," (36).

POLYDORE inſerts, ſeemingly in our Author's own words, the well known ſtory of Gathelus and Scota. A ſtory, which was generally believed, but which had

had been treated as a fable by John Major, who published his hiſtory of Scotland in April, 1521.

He then goes on to ſay of our Author, that, "he was a man truly honeſt, and attached to no opinion farther than he ſaw reaſons to ſupport it. But I was not," ſays he, "allowed long to enjoy my friend: For in that ſame year, 1521" (1522)," he was carried off by the Peſtilence."

Polydore Virgil, who was an Italian, had been long in England, where he had obtained an Arch-Deaconry. He had wrote a letter at London, December 15th, 1509, addreſſed to King James IV, in which he acquainted that king of his deſign of writing a hiſtory of England, and as far as poſſible a hiſtory of the whole Iſland.

"The Iſland," ſaid he, "is one, and my intention is, as I go on in my hiſtory, to mention the affairs of Scotland, which are evidently illuſtrious: But this I cannot do in a regular order, as I have no writer whom I can follow. I have often ſpoken to Sir Gilbert, your Majeſty's Chaplain, and urged him to give me even but the names of the Kings of Scotland, that I might put them in their due places in my hiſtory. But hitherto I have not ſucceeded.

"I now therefore beſeech your Majeſty, who knows no leſs how to do than to ſay a good thing, that you would condeſcend to tranſmit annals if there be any, or the names of the kings written in their order, and chiefly that you would inſtruct me in your own illuſtrious actions, or in what you may afterwards perform, all which I will inſert in my work.

"I have not indeed genius or learning ſufficient to unfold properly the affairs of your Majeſty's kingdom. This however undoubtedly will be done, that they ſhall loſe nothing of honour or ornament by any unſkilfulneſs or neglect of mine, for your Majeſty ſhall be able to diſcern where the work has been touched by the hand of the Sovereign," (37).

It does not appear that his requeſt was granted. The King of Scots might with rather to patronize a writer of his own nation, and in whom he could place more confidence, than in one who was principally to write of the affairs of England. But it is probable that the want of a complete Hiſtory of Scotland became at this time, more than formerly, a ſubject of general complaint, and that ſome perſons began to turn their attention to the means of ſupplying that deficiency.

Bishop Elphinſton's book was perhaps written before this time. But that reſpectable perſon was now in

in his extream old age. His book was not printed, and is ſaid to have contained little elſe than a copy of Fordun's Chronicle, which yet lay in the monaſteries unpubliſhed.

THE publication of Major's hiſtory gave offence to Gavin Douglas, and to ſome others of the Scotch nation: and it is ſcarcely to be doubted but that Gavin Douglas, if he had lived longer and had not ſtill been involved in troubleſome affairs, would have written a complete Hiſtory.

THE ſummary or ſpecimen he gave does not ſeem to have been printed. It would appear that he carried the manuſcript with him when he fled into England, and that at the time of his death it was in the hands of Polydore Virgil.

IF it was in the poſſeſſion of that writer, its fate may be apprehended from what Biſhop Nicholſon relates in his Engliſh hiſtorical Library, and ſeemingly from the very beſt authority, that "Polydore Virgil, to prevent the diſcovery of the faults in his hiſtory, committed as many ancient, and manuſcript hiſtories to the flames, as a waggon could hold."

No reflexion is neceſſary to be made on ſo baſe and deſperate an action. The mere recital is ſufficient to expoſe it to the moſt indignant feelings of the human mind, (38).

NOTES

NOTES

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

(1). N. B. A brief account of Gavin Douglas is to be found in the History of the Lives of the Biſhops of Dunkeld, written in Latin by Alexander Miln, prebendary of Monedy and official of Dunkeld, afterward Abbot of Cambuſkenneth and preſident of the Court of Seſſion. Miln dedicated his book to Gavin Douglas, who was Biſhop at the time, and to the Chapter of the Dioceſe.

It has not yet been printed. But the original manuſcript has been preſerved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and authenticated copies are to be met with in ſome other libraries.

A tranſlation of it into Engliſh was made ſome years ago by a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed accuracy and learning, a few copies of which, in manuſcript, have been diſperſed.

A pretty large account of the Life and Writings of Gavin Douglas is prefixed to that accurate Edition of his tranſlation of the Æneid, which was publiſhed at Edinburgh, in 1710. The Editors ſeem to have taken notice of almoſt all the particulars that can be known concerning him.

Doctor George M'Kenzie, who probably had been one of the principal compilers, inſerted their account, with ſome ſmall variations, in the ſecond volume of his Lives of the Scotch Writers, publiſhed at Edinburgh, in 1711.

(2). Crawford's Lives of the Officers of State, p. 315.

(3). N. B. M'Kenzie, Crawford, Keith, and others have wrote that Gavin Douglas was Rector of the Church

Church of Heriot, which is in Mid Lothian. The authority they refer to is Miln's M. S. in the Advocates' Library. But that M. S. has lately been conſulted, and the word there is found to be "Hawick." Some perſon formerly having carleſsly read or tranſcribed the name of the place, ſeems to have been followed by others in his miſtake. In the tranſlation already mentioned the miſtake was happily avoided.

(4). N. B. George fourth Earl of Angus, and Archibald his ſucceſſor the father of Gavin Douglas, bore the titles of Earl of Angus, Lord of Abernethy, Liddiſdale, Jedward Foreſt, and Douglas. They were both of them alſo wardens of the Eaſt and Middle Marches between Scotland and England. The lands called Douglas Burn, and others, in the Foreſt of Selkirk belonged to them; alſo the lands of Liddiſdale, and other extenſive eſtates in the county of Roxburgh. George, fourth Earl of Angus, ſucceeded to the lands and Lordſhip of Douglas, in 1457, upon the forfeiture of James the laſt Earl of Douglas. See Crawford and Douglas' Peerages: and Hume's Hiſt. of the Douglaſſes, Edition. 1644.

(5). Keith's Scotch Biſhops. p. 57. Spot. Relig. Houſes, p. 286.

(6). N. B. According to the M. S. Hiſtory of the Drummonds, written by William firſt Viſcount of Strathallan, the marriage ceremony between Queen Margaret and the Earl of Angus was performed in the pariſh church of Kinnoul, by the Earl's near relation, John Drummond, Dean of Dunblane and Parſon of Kinnoul.

They were married not fully eleven months after the death of King James IV, the queen's firſt huſband.

(7). N. B. Not being poſſeſſed of a Latin copy of Miln's M. S. I am obliged to quote from the tranſlation, the fidelity of which is however unqueſtionable.

What he writes of the queen's ſecond marriage, and of it's conſequences is as follows.

"It happened about this time that Queen Margaret, Henry the 8th's ſiſter, whom the late king had left guardian to his ſon, and who for ſome time had been

been owned as ſuch, married Archibald, Earl of Angus, without adviſing with the great men of the kingdom. Upon this there was a convention of the ſtates at Dunfermling, who declared that ſhe had forfeited her right; and the illuſtrious John Duke of Albany was unanimouſly choſen Regent, and guardian to the young king.

"Yet after all, the Earl of Angus had ſuch intereſt, that many men of great rank ſtood by the queen; but the reſt were againſt her, the leaders of whom were the Chancellor James" (Beaton) "Archbiſhop of Glaſgow, and Alexander Lord Hume.

"From theſe diviſions powerful factions aroſe; but as the queen was on the ſpot, ſhe endeavoured that no office ſhould be diſpoſed of without her conſent."

To what the Abbot has ſaid, the following particulars may be added ſtill farther to illuſtrate the ſtate of parties at that time.

John Stewart Duke of Albany was firſt couſin to the late king. He was immediately upon the king's death, propoſed for the Regency. But it was objected that he was a native of France, and that being a ſtranger in Scotland, he was unacquainted with the language and circumſtances of the country.

James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, claimed the Regency, as next in blood after the Duke of Albany. But the other nobles oppoſed him, as they were afraid of his ambitious deſigns if he ſhould obtain ſuch an increaſe of power.

The queen prevailed againſt both the candidates. She pled the will of the late king in her favour, and the nearneſs of her relation to the young king as her own ſon.

James Beaton, who beſides being Archbiſhop of Glaſgow, was Chancellor of the kingdom, was the moſt powerful and active friend of the Earl of Arran. In all church matters eſpecially, which becauſe of the richneſs of the benefices were objects of ſingular attention, he aimed at the chief direction.

Alexander Lord Hume had long enjoyed the office

of Great Chamberlain, and for ſome time was at the head of the party which favoured the Duke of Albany.

The Queen's alliance with the Earl of Angus excited the jealouſy of the Earl of Arran, who ſet himſelf more than he had formerly done to oppoſe the power of the family of Douglas.

(8). Epiſtolæ Regum Scotorum. v. 1. p. 199.

(9). Ibib. p. 183.

(10). Ibib. p. 197.

(11). N. B. After the Duke of Albany was come to Scotland, and inſtated in the Regency, Andrew Forman, in a conformity to the temporal laws of the kingdom, reſigned into his hands all the benefices he had received from the Pope. He was allowed to retain the archbiſhopric of St Andrews and the Abbay of Dunfermling: but his other benefices were diſpoſed of to different perſons. His commendatorſhip of the Abbay of Aberbrothick was given to James Beaton Archbiſhop of Glaſgow. Leſl. Hiſt. L. 9.

(12). Buchanan. L. 13. C. 44. Leſl. L. 9. Epiſt. Reg. Scot. v. 1. p. 197, 267.

(13). N. B. George Brown, the Predeceſſor of Gavin Douglas, had met with ſome trouble for having been guilty of the like offence.

He was at Rome, in 1484, where Pope Sixtus IV, conferred upon him the Biſhopric of Dunkeld then vacant, and he was immediately conſecrated at Rome by the Pope's order. But in the mean time another churchman, in Scotland, had obtained the royal favour, viz, Dean Alexander Inglis, clerk to the Privy Council of King James III, who was elected at Dunkeld much in the ſame precipitate manner in which Andrew Stewart afterwards was.

The King complained of what the Pope had done, as an incroachment upon his privilege. He ſent remonſtrances to Rome, but without effect. George Brown was immediately declared by the King and States, a traitor and rebel; and after he came home it was with difficulty the King was reconciled.

Yet Biſhop Brown was ſo far from repenting of the

the unlawful manner of his promotion, that when he made his laſt will, in 1514, he bequeathed to his ſucceſſor, who ever he ſhould be, in the event of his being nominated by the Pope, the whole Houſehold Furniture of his palace at Dunkeld, which Abbot Miln obſerves had been all purchaſed by Biſhop Brown himſelf, for that at his acceſſion, the Palace was deſtitute of Furniture of every kind. Miln M. S.

(14.) James 4. Parl. 1. C. 4.

(15.) Miln M. S. Leſl. Hiſt. Lib. 9.

N. B. King James V, was at this time not much above two years of age, having been born April 11, 1512. His brother, Alexander Duke of Roſs, was born April 30, 1514, which was about ſeven months after the death of his father. The Title of Roſs was uſually given to the ſecond ſons of the kings of Scotland; and Leſly, or the tranſcriber of his Hiſtory, committed a miſtake in calling this young Prince by the name of the Duke of Rothſay.

(16.) N. B. Miln, when giving an account of the brethren of the Chapter at Dunkeld, ſays, "The firſt who claims our notice is the dean, who is ſtill alive. His life is a mirror to all the deans in the kingdom, againſt which the enemies of the church cannot prevail. At eleven o'clock, he cauſed Maſs to be celebrated, by certain vicars of the quire, every day at the altar of the bleſſed Virgin.

"Beſides his daily charity, he once every week cauſed a boll of meal to be diſtributed among certain poor men belonging to the city of Dunkeld. In the time of a great famine, he cauſed make pottage to be given in abundance to every poor man who begged, and this was to be done whether he was at home or not.

"When it was his turn to wait on the Cathedral, he ſuffered no ſolicitation of his friends to perſuade him to be abſent; and when at Dunkeld he was always at high Maſs. On other days he directed the quire at morning, noon, and evening prayers. And what is more, during the whole time of Lent, he was never abſent from the prayers ſaid at midnight. He

was a good man himſelf, and choſe to give an example of devotion to every other perſon."

(17). N. B. As Miln's Book has not hitherto been printed, large extracts from it may not be unacceptable, eſpecially an Extract of the whole of what relates to Gavin Douglas.

"When Biſhop George", (ſays Miln), "was dying, the report at Dunkeld was that he had been already dead. There was there at that time, the illuſtrious father of his country, John Earl of Athole, ſon of Earl John, who was brother to King James II.

"The Earl called the canons, and requeſted of them to make choice of his Brother Andrew, Prebendary of Craigie, and in the mean time to put the Epiſcopal Palace in his poſſeſſion. Some of the canons were his relations, and others were afraid for themſelves and their effects, therefore they agreed without delay to grant all that was deſired.

"After the Biſhop's funeral, they met in the chapter houſe, and appointed a day for the election, and ordered a public edict to be read for calling together the abſent canons. Upon which day, by the Earl's intereſt, Andrew Stewart, though not yet in full orders, was unanimouſly made choice of for the office, and recommended for confirmation.

"This affair went the more eaſily, becauſe the Earl was very powerful, and could defend every body belonging to the church from plunderers of every kind.

"Notice of this tranſaction was ſent to France, to John Duke of Albany, lately appointed regent. But he refuſed to meddle with the great church benefices till he ſhould come to Scotland.

"He landed in the weſt in May 1515. Andrew, by his brother's intereſt, got into his good graces, and had for anſwer, that he would give him the King's warrant for raiſing the Biſhop's rents, as in the preſent ſituation he could not raiſe them in the ordinary form of the courts of law: And the dean, following the common law, reſerved the fruits till the biſhop ſhould be confirmed.

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" The Queen was at Perth when notice was brought to her of the late biſhop's death. By advice of ſuch of the Counſellors as were of her ſide, ſhe in name of the King cauſed recommend to the office the illuſtrious Maſter Gavin Douglas, Provoſt of St Giles in Edinburgh, Rector of Hawick, and Uncle to the Earl of Angus.

" This was a man of genius, of great ſkill in Divinity, and in the canons of the church.

" By the Queen's ſolicitation, or as others ſay, by the King of England's, he was promoted to the ſee of Dunkeld by Pope Leo. X: And on that account being ſummoned for acting againſt the laws of the land, he was found guilty, and baniſhed by the unanimous voice of the judges. The ſee was declared vacant. He was committed to the cuſtody of the venerable Father in Chriſt, John Hepburn, Prior and Vicar General of St Andrews.

" He was kept in priſon for more than a year, firſt in the Caſtle of Edinburgh, then in the Caſtle of St Andrews, of Dunbar, and of Edinburgh again.

" The Queen took the matter ſo much to heart, that ſhe entered into terms with Lord Hume the Chamberlain. By this agreement the King, and Alexander Duke of Roſs his brother, were to be truſted to the Queen's management.

" At the Stated time the Chamberlain ſent to Stirling Caſtle, and at the ſame time got an army together at Peebles.

" Upon this the Regent ſets out for Peebles, with the Lords and great men of the kingdom. And he ſends Lord Fleming to Stirling Caſtle, which the King and his brother had not yet given up to their mother.

" Immediately after this, the Queen and her huſband the Earl of Angus, and the Lord Chamberlain entered England, where they continued till they had made up matters with the Regent.

" By an article of this agreement, Gavin Douglas, Provoſt of St Giles, was ſet at liberty; and the Chancellor pleaded for him ſo effectually, that the Regent

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was reconciled to him. And the Chancellor upon his own charges conſecrated him at Glaſgow, and over and above gave him ſome preſents.

"After his conſecration, he firſt viſited St Andrews; and then the church of Dunkeld. The firſt night he was very affectionately received by the clergy and laity, who all praiſed God for giving them ſo noble, ſo learned, and ſo decent a biſhop. He publiſhed the Bulls at the great altar; and lodged in the dean's houſe, as he had no acceſs to the Palace, which, with the Steeple, Andrew Stewart's ſervants held out from him; and they refuſed to deliver them in their maſter's name, alledging that they poſſeſſed all by the authority of the Regent.

"Upon this account he was forced to have the ſervice of God performed in the dean's houſe: To which place he called the canons, and received their homage, and it was with their whole heart they yielded him homage. On the other hand the biſhop ſwore to keep all the ſtatutes of the church.

"After dinner he conſulted the gentlemen and clergy who were with him, what courſe he ought to follow in that conjucture. Some adviſed to ſend notice to the Regent. Others would have him go in perſon.

"In the midſt of theſe conſultations, they are informed that Andrew Stewart was in arms, with a deſign to relieve thoſe who held out the Palace. That inſtant, a ſhower of canon ſhot came from the Steeple and Palace.

"Then all the people of rank hurried to the biſhop's defence. There were the worthy dean; James Lord Ogilvy; David Maſter of Crawford; Colin Campbell of Glenorchy; Laird of Kinfauns; the Prebendary of Alyth, and many other churchmen.

"Notice is ſent of this tranſaction to the Biſhop's friends in Angus, and elſewhere. Upon which there came next day ſuch crowds from Montroſe, from the low parts of Fyfe, and the country round about, that the city of Dunkeld could ſcarce hold them.

"But

"But for all this number, the Prebendary of Alyth had laid up ſuch abundance of every thing, that there was room and proviſion for all the men and all their horſes.

"The Biſhop elect not having it in his power to relieve thoſe who held out the Palace and Steeple, is forced to retire to the woods. The Biſhop Douglas on his ſide ſummoned them to ſurrender upon pain of excommunication. For fear of his threat, partly by force and partly by ſtratagem, the Steeple was put in the poſſeſſion of James Carmichael, of ſome Prebendaries, and of the Biſhop's family.

"This put the people in the Palace in great fear. They obtained a truce, and a ſuſpenſion of the excommunication, of ſome hours: But after that time they were ſtill unwilling to ſurrender, however, by the merits of St Colume, they gave up the Palace without bloodſhed.

"Upon this the Earl and his brother went to Court, to complain of what had been done. The Biſhop went alſo to defend himſelf, for ſome time there were mutual accuſations, &c. &c.

The whole of what follows in Miln's Book is to be found quoted in the account I have given of Biſhop Douglas' Life.

His addreſs in the beginning of the dedication is, "To the Reverend Father in Chriſt, Gavin Douglas, by the Mercy of God Biſhop of Dunkeld, Son of Archibald Earl of Angus, and who is diſtinguiſhed for divine and human learning."

Of the Prebendary of Alyth, of whom he makes ſuch honourable mention, he ſays in the dedication, "To the well beloved Thomas Greig Prebendary of Alyth, the head of his family, and who has great zeal for the purity of worſhip."

He afterwards ſpeaks of him in the following manner.

"The Prebendary of Alyth was Maſter Thomas Greig, a devout man, and zealous for the decency of the ſervice. In his houſe-keeping, he imitated the Highlanders, who keep open Tables. But

it was more by his œconomy than by the profits of his living, that he was enabled to ſupport his hoſpitality.

" He beſtowed handſomely upon the Church. His Uncle of excellent memory, Mr John Donaldſon Licentiate of the canon law, and Chancellor of Dunkeld, had raiſed an altar to all Saints. This altar Thomas Greig cauſed to be painted, and gave it veſtments and other neceſſaries

" He cauſed make a ſilver cup of great weight; and a white cup, equal, if not ſuperior to the Chapter's. From the rents of his town and country Eſtates, he appointed a vicar of the quire for ſaying maſs at cannonical hours.

" He kept ſtrict diſcipline, and was the determined puniſher of offenders, whether they were laymen or clergyman, by his diſcretion in correcting, he rooted out ſome very bad practices that prevailed in his deanry of Athole and Bredalbane.

" There was a certain perſon that pretended to be dumb, and who by words and ſigns made them believe that he diſcovered all things paſt and to come. He checked him ſo effectually that he cauſed him to ſpeak, and to confeſs openly in preſence of the biſhop and clergy, that the devil had tempted him to thoſe tricks. As he found him tractable, he prudently reconciled him to the church.

" After the biſhop's death, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome; and though he was above ſixty years of age, he returned in good health.

" As he was a man of great attention to good works, the biſhop, to reward his zeal, made him prebendary of Fordeſhaw, within a year, and before he got poſſeſſion of that benefice, which had not been opened, he made him prebendary of Alyth.

" His temper was ſomewhat paſſionate, but after all he was a kind hearted man."

Miln in another part of his book, ſays, " Thomas Grieg underſtood Iriſh, and was a rigid diſciplinarian; to him therefore the Biſhop" George Brown, " gave the charge of Athole."

St

St Colume or Columba, to whoſe merits Miln aſcribes this circumſtance that no blood was ſhed when Andrew Stewart's ſervants were expelled from the ſteeple and palace, was the patron Saint of the Pictiſh nation, and of the city and dioceſe of Dunkeld in particular. The lands and rents belonging to the biſhop were called St Colume's Patrimony; and Biſhop Brown expreſſed great zeal, and was ſingularly ſucceſsful in preſerving the patrimony of the ſaint from dilapidation, and in recovering lands which formerly had made a part of it.

St Columba, who was a man of exemplary piety, and a real benefactor to his fellow creatures, was ſucceſsful in converting the Picts to the Chriſtian Religion.

He obtained the Iſland of Hey or Jona, where he founded a kind of Monaſtery, of which he became Abbot. Adamnanus, one of his ſucceſſors, wrote an account of his life, and in further honour to his memory, founded a Monaſtery at Dunkeld. Theſe, and ſome other monaſteries were originally filled with the religious perſons, who were called Culdees.

Columba was born in 520. He died at Hey in 597, and is ſaid to have been buried there. But at leaſt ſome of his bones were ſuppoſed to have been preſerved at Dunkeld, as appears from one of the following paſſages in Abbot Miln's book, which are given as containing a ſtill farther deſcription of the religion and manners of the times.

"In the year 1500 the peſtilence ravaged the country and kingdom; and as a report went that the city of Dunkeld had at all times been preſerved from calamities of that ſort by the merit of it's patron St Colume, therefore, in honour of that Saint, Biſhop George Brown cauſed high maſs to be ſaid, at his own charges, for a whole year at the time of ringing the ſecond bell for mattins.

"And as at the year's end the city and a great part of the country about it was untouched by that diſtemper, he continued this foundation, and left from his private eſtate fourteen pounds a year for the

the ſupport of a daily maſs: And that this might be done in ſuch a way as to be an honour to the church, he choſe ſeven vicars of the quire for the ſeven altars of the church which had not been endowed before. Theſe vicars had each of them ten pounds of ſalary allowed him. The altars were thoſe of St Martin, St Nicholas, St Andrew the Apoſtle, the Innocents, all Saints, St Stephen the Martyr, and St John the Baptiſt.

"Here there was a vaſt decency; for one of theſe vicars in his turn, ſaid maſs, when the ſecond bell rung for mattins, every day, then the devout churchmen and laymen, beſides a number of ſtrangers, met with great joy."

The Abbot again ſpeaks of Biſhop Brown's good works, during the peſtilence, as follows——

"The Biſhop obſerved that the ſmall number of pariſh churches made a great concourſe of burials, which in theſe circumſtances had the worſt of conſequences. As the pariſh of Little Dunkeld was then ſixteen miles long, with breadth in proportion, he divided it into the old pariſh of Little Dunkeld, and the pariſh of Caputh.

"At Caputh he built at his own expence a quire, with a painted ceiling and glazed windows. He gave for the ſupport of the vicar, a vicarage which had been formerly united to his ſee, four acres of Glebe land, and the riſing ground called the Mutehill to build a church upon, as may be ſeen at full in the charter of that church ſubſcribed by me, and ſealed with the ſeal of the Biſhop and Chapter.

"What follows is ſurpriſing, and yet I think it muſt not be paſſed over. The Biſhop had marked out and conſecrated burying ground for his people, being much afraid of the peſtilence. In the mean time he viſited ſome of the church tenants of Caputh, who had been bad of that diſeaſe, and gave them ſuch conſecrated things as might be of uſe to them.

"Next day, he cauſed dip the bones of St Colume in conſecrated water, and ſent it to them to drink, by the Chancellor, many did drink and were cured.

But

But there was one forward fellow among them, who ſaid to the Chancellor, "For what does the Biſhop ſend us water to drink? I could wiſh he had ſent us ſome of his beſt ale." But he, and the reſt, to the number of thirty, who refuſed to drink of the water, died of the plague, and were buried in one grave, a little below the ordinary burying ground."

(18). Epiſt. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 222.

(19). N. B. The Earl of Athole at this time was John Stewart, whom Miln celebrates as the illuſtrious father of his country, ſon of Earl of John who was brother of King James II.

The old Earl John was the uterine brother of that king by their mother Queen Jane, who after the death of King James I, her firſt huſband, married James Stewart, commonly called the Black Knightof Lorn. She was daughter of John Duke of Lancaſter, a younger Son of King Edward III, of England.

John, eldeſt Son of Queen Jane and of the Knight of Lorn, was created Earl of Athole in 1457. His ſecond Counteſs was Eleanor Sinclair, daughter of William Earl of Orkney and Caithneſs: By which Counteſs he had John the ſecond Earl of Athole, and Andrew Stewart Prebendary of Craig. He died September 19th 1512.

Crawford and Douglas, in their books of the Peerage of Scotland, follow ſome liſts which have been given of the noblemen who were ſlain in the battle at Flowdon, and mention John ſecond Earl of Athole, brother of Andrew Stewart, as having been in the numof thoſe who were killed in that battle. But Abbot Miln could not be miſtaken, who mentions him as ſtill living in 1516. He ſpeaks alſo of his Counteſs in 1513, who was a daughter of the Earl of Argyle.

Andrew Stewart, who had been diſappointed of the Biſhopric of Dunkeld, was made Biſhop of Caithneſs, in 1518. He died in 1542.

Lady Dorothea Stewart, the Heireſs and repreſentative of the Stewarts Earls of Athole, was, in July 1604, married to William Murray, who ſucceeded his father as Earl of Tullibardin.

It may not be improper to tranſcribe the account which Miln gives of the battle at Flowdon, as he was cotemporary with the event, it is to be regretted that he did not write a more particular relation.

"It was in this year (1513), that Henry the VIII, of England declared war againſt France. He ſent as Ambaſſadors to James IV, Lord Dacres, and Doctor Weſt, Dean of Windſor, with great promiſes if he would give up the French alliance.

"On the other hand, the French promiſed a ſubſidy, and the aſſiſtance of a body of troops: But theſe articles they never performed.

"Upon the faith of theſe promiſes, King James enters England, takes Norham Caſtle, where he to no purpoſe waited fifteen days for the French. At the end of which time the Earl of Surry, the King of England's general, offers battle, which was accepted of. The King, and many of the nobility were killed, and among them many of the Biſhop (Brown's) friends.

"The battle of Flowden happened on theday before the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin, in the year 1513.

"Upon his father's death, James V, a child of ſeventeen months old, was crowned at Stirling on St Matthew's day, the ſame year."

(20). N. B. Alexander Miln was recommended to the Abbay of Cambuſkenneth, by John Duke of Albany, October 28th 1516. (Epiſt. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 275.) He ſeems to have been put in the poſſeſſion of that Abbay in 1518. When the new court of Seſſion was inſtituted by King James V, in 1532, Abbot Miln was appointed preſident.

He appears, by his book of the Lives of the Biſhops of Dunkeld, to have been a good natured man, and loth to ſay any thing ſevere of any perſon.

(21). Leſl. Hiſt. L. 9. Epiſt. Reg. Scots v. I. p. 257.

(22). Pinkerton's Liſt of Scotch Poets. p. xcv.

(23). Ibid.

(24). N. B. In the Scotch language the verb "clatter,"

ter," means not only to make a noiſe, but alſo to tell tales, or reveal ſecrets.

(25). N. B. One of the good works of Biſhop Brown, recorded by Miln, was that he built the ſouth wing of the houſe at Edinburgh belonging to the Biſhops of Dunkeld.

(26). Buchan. Hiſt. L. 14. C. 12. Anderſon's M. S. Hiſt Pitſcottie. Hiſt. p. 189. But the two laſt mentioned writers were evidently miſtaken when they placed this event in the year 1515.

(27). Pinkerton's liſt of Scotch Poets. p. xcv.

(28). Epiſt. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 328.

(29). Ibid. p. 333.

(30). N. B. The Earl of Angus returned to Scotland in 1525. Having been appointed one of the Lords of the Regency, he found means to take the whole management of affairs into his own hands. He deprived James Beaton, then Archbiſhop of St Andrews, of the office of Chancellor, and plnndered his Caſtle of St Andrews.

The Archbiſhop concealed himſelf in unfrequented parts of the country. According to Lindſay of Pitſcottie, he for ſome time kept a flock of ſheep, under the diſguiſe of a ſimple ſhepherd.

(31) Woods Athenæ Oxon. v. I. p. 562. Weever's Monum. p. 446.

(32). See the life of Gavin Douglas by M'kenzie and the editors of the tranſlation of the Æneid. Alſo Hume's Hiſtory of the Douglaſſes, p. 235.

(33). N. B. The beautiful Elegiac Poem, which bears the name of the Flowers of the Foreſt, began to be generally known not many years ago. It is ſuppoſed to have been a Lamentation over thoſe young men of the Foreſt of Selkirk, who went to the Field of Flowdon, and there met with their fate.

That many went from that part of the country, is not to be doubted, becauſe of it's neighbourhood to the Borders, and becauſe ſome of their chiefs were at the battle. George Maſter of Angus, who was killed in the battle, is ſaid by Hume, in his Hiſtory of the Douglaſſes, to have had Bailiffs in Selkirk who

held Courts in his name. And another of the chiefs in that part of the country, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, was alſo at Flowdon. I have alſo been informed that "A Standard, won by the Burgeſſes of Selkirk at Flowdon Field, ſtill exiſts; and that a facſimile of it is carried about in that town on ſolemn occaſions."

That Gavin Douglas was the author of the Poem is however to be reckoned only a matter of probable conjecture. There were undoubtedly ſome obſolete words in the original which do not now appear; for as the poem was not written, theſe words would be gradually changed for others that were better underſtood.

Mr Lambe, Vicar of Norham upon Tweed, gave a very good copy of it to the public in 1774. He publiſhed it in his Appendix to an hiſtorical Poem, which was written in England and which relates many circumſtances of the battle.

The monthly Reviewers, in their account of Mr Lambe's publication, ſay, "In the appendix, there is an old Scotch ſong on the battle of Flowdon, which for it's genuine ſimplicity, and the truly plaintive ſpirit of elegy, excels every thing of the kind we have met with."

(34). N. B. What this ſerious buſineſs was in which our Author was engaged, whether it related to the nation, or to the church in general, to the affairs of his family, of his provoſtſhip, or of his rectory, is not known, nor has been conjectured.

(35). Leſl. Hiſt. Lib. 9.

(36). Polyd. Hiſt. L. 3. p. 52, &c.

(37). Epiſt. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 139.

(38). N. B. Polydore was not ſingular in this ſpecies of wickedneſs, if the information given, in the beginning of the laſt century, to Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, who was a writer of great integrity, can be relied on.

In a letter to Mr David Buchanan, July 24th 1649, Sir Robert Gordon, ſpeaking of Veremund, and of Cornelius Hibernicus, who were mentioned as Authorities

Authorities by Hector Boethius, ſays, "I heard, when I was a youth, at Aberdeen, where Boethius had preſided in the Univerſity, and where he died, that he deſtroyed the Manuſcript Copies of theſe Authors, to conciliate favour to his own Hiſtory, and that from him our antiquities might be ſolely derived. Poor man! What favour thou dideſt gain to thy Hiſtory is uncertain; but that by this action it has loſt much of it's credit is beyond all diſpute."

See Nicolſon's Scot. Hiſt. Library, p. 75. Boethius, according to his own account, received the ancient books he mentions, in 1525. His Hiſtory of Scotland was finiſhed in April 1526, and publiſhed that ſame year. Therefore either he wrote it before he received the Books, or compiled it very haſtily afterwards.

But his Hiſtory is evidently written with more elegance and method than was conſiſtent with it's being a haſty production.

If he really received the books, he made little or no uſe of them. And if they were in his poſſeſſion, and deſtroyed by him, he muſt have been conſcious to himſelf that it was an unfaithful Hiſtory which he was ſeeking to impoſe upon the world.

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ERRATA.

P. 3. l. 18. *for* Glenberſie *read* Glenbervie.

P. 3. l. 22. N. B. The Earl of Angus left the field before the commencement of the battle, becauſe his preſence was neceſſary at Edinburgh, of which town he was provoſt.

P. 5. l. 22. *for* Aberbrothick *read* Aberbrothock, alſo in all other Pages where the ſame word occurs.

P. 7. l. 21. *for* patrones, *read* patrons.

P. 20. l. 9. *for* Biſhop George's *read* Biſhop George Brown's.

P. 27. l. 18. *for* contraverſies *read* controverſies.

P. 30. l. 16. *for* tables *read* fables.

P. 32. l. 11. *for* obſelete *read* obſolete.

P. 33. l. 18. *for* reſigned *read* unreſigned.

P. 35. l. 9. *for* Virgil and Homer *read* Virgil or Homer.

P. 43. l. 12. *for* would *read* ſhould.

P. 54. l. 11. *for* white Cup *read* white Cope.

ib. l. 17. *for* Clergyman *read* Clergymen.

P. 57. l. 11. dele *of* after Earl.

P. 58. l. 3. *for* cotemporary *read* contemporary.

THE

GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

RICHT as the ſtern of day began to ſchyne,
Quhen gone to bed was *Veſper* and *Lucyne*,
I raiſe, and by a roſeir did me reſt;
Upſprang the goldin candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit beims chriſtalyne,
Glading the mirry fowlis in thair neſt,
Or *Phebus* was in purpure kaip reveſt;
Up ſprang the lark, the hevenis minſtral ſyne,
In *May* intill a morrow mirthfulleſt.

II.

Full angelyk thir birdis ſang thair hours,
Within thair courtings grene within thair bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with blumys ſweit,
Enamalit was the feild with all collours,
The perlit dropis ſchuke in ſilver ſchours,
Quhyle all in balm did brench and levis fleit,
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir criſtal teirs I ſaw hing on the flours,
Quhilk he for lufe drank all up with his heit.

III.

For mirth of *May*, with ſkippis and with hopps,
The birds ſang upon the tendir cropps,
With curious nottis as *Venus* chapell clarks;
The roſſes reid, now ſpreiding aff their knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly dropps,
With rayis reid, lemying as ruby ſparks,
The ſkyis rang with ſchouting of the larks,
The purpure hevin owre ſkailt in ſilver ſlopps,
Owre gilt the treis branchis leivs and barks.

IV.

Doun throwch the ryſs an river ran, quhois ſtreims
So luſtely upon the lykand leims,
That all the laik as lamp did leim of licht,
Quhilk ſchadowit all about with twynkland gleims,
The bewis baithit were in ſecound beims,
Throw the reflex of *Phebus* viſage bricht,
On every ſyde the ege raiſe on hicht:
The bank was grene, the ſun was full of beims,
The ſtreimers cleir as ſternis in froſty nicht.

V.

The criſtal air the ſaphier firmament,
The ruby ſkyes of the reid orient,
Keſt berial gleims on emerant bewis grene,
The roſy garth depaynt and redolent,
With purpore, aſure, gold and gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be dame *Flora* the quene,
Sae nobilie that joy was for to ſene,
The roche againſt the river reſplendant,
As low iluminate the levis ſchene.

VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowls ſaft harmony,
Quhat throw the rivers ſound that ran me by,
On *Floras* weid I ſlepit quhair I lay,
Quhair ſune into my dreimand fantiſy,
I ſaw approche agane the orient ſky,
Ane ſchip on ſail as bloſome on the ſpray,
With maſt of gold, bricht as the ſtern of day,
Quhilk tendit to the land full luſtely,
With ſwifteſt motion throu a cryſtal bay.

VII.

And hard on burd unto the blumit meids,
Amangs the grene riſpies and the reids,
Aryvit ſcho quheirfrae annon thair lands
Ane hundreth ladeis luſtie intill weids,
Als freſh as flours that in the *May* upſpreids,
In kirtills grene, withouten kell or bands,
Thair ſhynand hair hang glitterand on the ſtrand
In treſis cleir wypit with goldin threids,
With pawps quhyte, and middills ſmall as wands.

VIII.

Diſcryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
How all the flours with all the lillies quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit,
Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat ſtyle the maiſt perfyte,
Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais oratiouns ſweit
In rethorick did intill terms fleit,
Zour aureat tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that paradyce compleit.

IX.

There ſaw I *Nature*, and als dame *Venus* quene,
Aurora freſh, and lady *Flora* ſchene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proſerpina*,
Diane the goddeſs of cheſt and wods grene,
My lady *Clio*, that help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis ſe grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair faynt fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir michty quenis, with crownis might be ſene,
With beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

Thair ſaw I *May* of mirthfull moniths quene,
Betwixt *Apryl* and *June* her ſiſters ſchene,
Within the garden walkand up and doun,
Quhom of the fowls reſaif gladneſs bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir zeirs grene;
Thair ſaw I nature give till hir a goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of renown,
Of ilka hew that undir hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude proportioun.

XI.

Full luſtiely thir ladyis all in feir,
Enteret into this park of maiſt pleſeir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with leivs rank,
The mirry birds blisful of cheir;
Nature ſaluſt methocht in thair maneir,
And every blume on brench and on the bank,
Openit and ſpred thair balmy levis donk,
Full law inclynand to thair quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nuriſing they thank.

XII.

XII.

Syne to dame *Flora*, on the ſamyne ways,
They ſaluſt and they thank a thouſand ſyis,
And to ſweit *Venus* neiſt, luvis bony quene,
They ſang ballatis of luve, as was the gyis,
With amorous nottis maiſt luſty to devyis,
As that they had luve in thair heartis grene,
Thair hony throtts they openit frae the ſplene,
With warbills ſweit they perſt the hevinly ſkyis,
Quhyle loud reſount the firmament ſerene.

XIII.

Ane uther court thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
Cupid the king, with bow in hand ay bent,
And dreidfull arrows grundin ſherp and ſquhair,
Thair ſaw I *Mars* the god armipotent,
Awful and ſtern, braid, ſtrong and corpulent.
Thair ſaw I crabit *Saturn* auld and hair,
His luke was lyke for to perturb the air.
Thair was *Mercurius*, wyſe and eloquent
Of rethorick that fand the flouris ſae fair.

XIV.

Thair was the god of gardens *Priapus*,
Thair was the god of wildernes *Phanus*,
And *Janus* god of entries delectable.
Thair was the god of oceans *Neptunus*:
Thair was the god of winds bauld *Eolus*,
With variand blaſts lyke to an lord unſtable,
Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the table;
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
In cloke of grene, his court was clade in ſable.

XV.

And every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
An harp and lute full mirreyly they playt,
And ballats ſang with michty nottes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full ſobirly aſſyit,
Endlang the trotting river ſo they mayit;
Thair obſervance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crap I throw the brenches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt ſuddenly affrayit,
All throw a luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI.

And ſchortlie for to ſpeik, by luves fair *Quene*
I was eſpyit, ſcho bad hir Archers kene
Go me areiſt; and they nae tyme delayit;
Then ladies fair lute fall thair mantils grene,
With bowis big, in traſſit hairs ſchene,
Richt ſuddenly they had a field arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
The party was ſae pleſand to be ſene,
A wondir luſty bikar me aſſayit.

XVII.

And firſt of all with bow in hand ay bent,
Came bewty's *Dame* richt as ſcho wald me ſchent,
Syne followit all her damoſells in feir,
With mony divers awfull inſtrument,
Into the preiſs fair *Having* with hir went,
Syne *Portrator*, *Pleſance* and luſty *Cheir*,
Then *Reſoun* came with SCHEILD of GOLD ſo cleir,
In plait of mail as *Mars* armipotent,
Defendit me that noble chevalier.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Syne tendir *Zouth* came with hir virgins zing,
Grene *Innocence* and *ſchamefull Abaſing*,
And quaking *Dreid*, with humbyl *Obedience*,
The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to ſpring;
Full ſune they dreid to do a violence:
Sweit *Womanheid* I ſaw come in preſence,
A warld of artelzie ſcho did in bring,
And ſervit ladyis full of reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlineſs*,
Continuance, *Patience*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfaſtneſs*,
Diſcration, *Gentilneſs*, *Conſidderans*,
Leful Company, and *honeſt Buſineſs*,
Benign Luke, *myld Cheir*, and *Sobirneſs*,
All thir bure genzies to do me grivans;
But *Reſoun* bure the TERGE with ſic conſtans,
Thair ſcharp aſſay micht do me no deirence,
For all their preis and awful ordinans.

XX.

Unto the preiſs purſewit *hie Degrie*,
Hir followit ay *Eſtait* and *Dignitee*,
Compariſon, *Honour* and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantoneſs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility*;
Wit ze they did thair banner hie diſplay.
A clud of flanes lyke hail-ſchot lowſit they,
And ſchot till waſtit was thair artelzie,
Syne went abak rebutit of the prey.

XXI.

XXI.

Quhen *Venus* had perſavit this rebute,
Scho bad *Diſſembance* gae mak a perſute
With all her power to preſs the GOLDIN TERGE,
And ſcho that was of doubleneſs the rute,
Aſkit hir choiſs of archers in reſute:
Venus the beſt bad hir to wale at lerge;
Scho tuke *Preſence* plicht anker of the berge;
And *fair Calling* that weil a flane can ſchute,
And *Cheriſſing* for to compleit hir charge.

XXII.

Dame *Hamelineſs* ſcho tuke in company,
That hardy was and heynd in archery,
And brocht in *Bewtie* to the feild again,
With all the choiſe of *Venus* chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaiſitly:
The ſhowris of arrows rappit on lyke rain,
Perrelus *Preſence*, that mony a ſyre has ſlain,
The battill brocht on bordour hard me by,
The aſſalt was all the fairer ſuth to ſane.

XXIII.

Thick was the ſchot of grundin arrows kene,
But *Reſſoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD ſae ſchene,
Weirly deffendit quhoſeir aſſayit;
The awfull ſchower he manly did ſuſtene,
Till *Preſence* keſt a powdir in his ene,
And then as drukken man he all forwayit,
Quhen he wes blind, the fule with him they playit,
And banniſt him amang the bewis grene;
That ſicht ſae fair me ſuddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then was I wóundit, till the deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull priſoneir
To lady *Bewtie*, in a moment's ſpace,
Methocht ſcho ſeimit luſtyer of cheir,
Aftir that *Reſſoun* had tynt his ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of face;
Quhy was thou blindit, *Reſſoun?* quhy? allace!
And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir,
And mercy ſeim quhair that I fand na grace.

XXV.

Diſſimulance was biſſy me to aſſyle,
And *fair Calling* did aft upon me ſmyle,
And *Cheriſſing* me fed with words fair,
Acquentance new embraſit me a quhyle,
And favourt me, till men micht gae a myle,
Syne tuke hir lief, I ſaw hir nevir mair;
Then ſaw I *Denger* towart me repair,
I cowth eſchew hir preſence be nae wyle,
On ſyde ſcho lukit with a fremit fare.

XXVI.

And at the laſt deperting couth hir dreſs,
And me delyverit unto *Havyneſs*,
For to remane, and ſcho in cure me tuke;
Be this the lord of winds with fell wodneſs,
God *Eolus* his bougill blew, I geſs,
That with the blaſt the aiks in foreſt ſchuke,
And ſuddenlie in the ſpace of a luke,
All was hyne went, ther was but wilderneſs,
Ther was nae mair but bird and bank and bruke.

XXVII.

XXVII.

In twynckling of an ee to ſchip they went,
And ſwift up ſail unto the tap they ſtent,
And with ſwift courſe out owre the flude they frak;
They fyrit thair guns with powdir violent,
Till that the reik raiſe to the firmament,
The rochis all reſoundit with the rak,
For reird it ſemit that the rain-brow brak;
With ſpreit affrayit upon my feit I ſprent
Amangs the clewis, ſae cairfull was the crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this ſwowning,
The joyfull minſtralls mirryly did ſing,
For mirth of *Phebus* tendir beims ſchene;
Sweit wer the vapouris, ſaft the morrowing,
Hailſum the vail, depaynt with flowirs zing,
The air atemperit, ſobir and amene;
In quhite and reid was all the eard beſene,
Throw natures nobill freſch enamaling,
In mirthfull *May*, of every moneth quene.

XXIX.

O reverend *Chawſer*, roſe of rethouris all,
As in our toung the flowir imperiall,
That evir raiſe in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
Thou beirs of makars the triumphs ryall,
The freſche enamallit termes celeſtiall;
This matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the licht?
Surmounting every toung terreſtriall,
As far as *Mayis* fair morning dois midnicht.

XXX.

XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
Zour ſuggurat toungs and lipps aureat
Bene till our eirs cauſe of grit delyte;
Zour mouths angelick, maiſt mellifluat,
Our rude language hes cleir ilumynat,
And has owre-gilt our ſpeich, that imperfyte
Stude, or zour goldin pens did ſchupe to wryt,
This yle befoir was bair and diſolate
Of rethorick, or luſty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle quair be evir obedient,
Humbyl, ſubject, and ſemple of intent,
Befoir the face of every cunning wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of rethorick has ſpent,
Of hir maiſt lyſtie roſes redolent
Is nane into thy garland ſet on hicht;
O ſchame thairfor, and draw the out of ſicht:
Rude is thy weid, bare, deſtitute and rent,
Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the licht.

Quod DUNBAR.

The THISTLE *and the* ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature choſe,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

A

POEM,

IN HONOUR OF

MARGARET, daughter to *HENRY* the VII. of *England*, queen to JAMES the IV. king of *SCOTS*.

I.

QUHEN *Merche* wes with variand windis paſt,
And *Appryll* had with hir ſilver ſhouris
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blaſt,
And luſty *May*, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt;

II.

In bed at morrow, ſleiping as I lay,
Methocht *Aurora*, with her criſtall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halſit me, with viſage paile and grene;
On quhois hand a lark ſang fro the ſpleen,
Awalk luvaris out of your ſlemering,
Se how the luſty morrow dois upſpring.

III.

Methocht freſche *May* befoir my bed upſtude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverſe hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of manſuetude,
In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhyl all the houſe illumynit of her lemys.

IV.

Slugart, ſcho ſaid, awalk annone for ſchame,
And in my honor ſumthing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt;
Yet nocht increſs thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt ſumtyme hes glaid and bliſsfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

V.

V.

Quhairto, quoth I, ſall I upryſe at morrow,
For in this May few birdis herd I ſing;
Thay haif moir cauſe to weip and plane their ſorrow;
Thy air it is nocht holſum nor benyng;
Lord Eolus dois in thy ſeſſone ring:
So buſteous ar the blaſtis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

VI.

With that this lady ſobirly did ſmyll,
And ſaid, upriſe, and do thy obſervance,
Thou did promyt, in *Mayis* luſty quhyle,
For to diſcryve the *ROSE* of moſt pleſance.
Go ſe the birdis how thay ſing and dance,
Illumynit our with orient ſkyis brycht,
Anamyllit richely with new aſur lycht.

VII.

Quhen this wes ſaid, departit ſcho this quene,
And enterit in a luſty garding gent;
And than methocht, full heſtely beſene,
In ſerk and mantill after her I went
Into this garth moſt dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis ſweit,
And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purpour ſone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin ſkyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt treſſis ſchone ſo wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
To luke upone his freſche and bliſsfull face,
Doing all ſable fro the heavenis chace.

IX.

And as the bliſsfull ſonne of cherarchy
The fowlis ſung throw comfort of the licht;
The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O luvaris ſo away thow dully nicht,
And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* ſchene,
Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To fers *Neptune* and *Eolus* the bauld,
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no ſchouris nor blaſtis cawld
Effray ſuld flouris nor fowles on the fauld:
Scho bad eik *Juno* goddes of the ſky,
That ſcho the hevin ſuld keip amene and dry.

XI.

XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beiſt
Befoir her heines ſuld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew moſt and leiſt,
And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As they had wont in *May* fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

XII.

With that annone ſcho ſend the ſwiyft *ro*
To bring in beiſtis of all conditioun;
The reſtleſs *ſwallow* commandit ſcho alſo
To fetch all foull of ſmall and greit renown,
And to gar flouris compeir of all faſſoun;
Full craftely conjurit ſcho the *Yarrow*,
Quhilk did forth ſwirk as ſwift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All preſent wer in twynkling of ane ee,
Baith *beiſt*, and *bird*, and *flour*, befoir the *Quene*,
And firſt the *Lyone* gretaſt of degre,
Was callit thair, and he, moſt fair to ſene,
With a full hardy countenance and kene,
Befoir *Dame Nature* come, and did inclyne,
With viſage bauld, and courage *leonyne*.

XIV.

This awfull beiſt full terrible wes of cheir,
Perſing of luke, and ſtout of countenance,
Ryght ſtrong of corpes, of faſſoun fair, but feir,
Luſty of ſhaip, lycht of deliverance,
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,
In feild of gold he ſtude full mychtely,
With floure-de-Lycis ſirculit luſtely.

XV.

This *Lady* liftit up his cluvis cleir,
And leit him liſtly lene upone hir kne,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
Of raydous ſtonis moſt ryall for to ſe;
Saying, The King of Beiſtis mak I the,
And the cheif protector in wodds and ſchawis,
Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

XVI.

Exerce juſtice with mercy and conſciens,
And lat no ſmall beiſt ſuffir ſkaith na ſcornis,
Of greit beiſtis that bene of moir puſience:
Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
And lat no bowgle with his buſteous hornis
The meik pluch-ox oppreſs, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him beſyd.

XVII.

XVII.

Quhen this was ſaid, with noyis and ſoun of joy,
All kynd of beiſtis into thair degre,
At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*,
And till his feit fell with humilite;
And all thay maid him homege and fewte;
And he did thame reſſaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre *is Proteir Proſtratis*.

XVIII.

Syne crownit ſcho the *Egle* King of Fowlis,
And as ſteill dertis ſcherpit ſcho his pennis,
And bad him be als juſt to *awppis* and *owlis*,
As unto *pakokkis*, *papingais*, or *crenis*,
And mak a law for *wicht fowlis* and for *wrennis*,
And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

XIX.

Than callit ſcho all flouris that grew on feild,
Diſcryving all thair faſſiouns and effeirs,
Upon the awfull THRISSILL ſcho beheld,
And ſaw him keipit with a buſche of ſpeiris;
Conſidering him ſo able for the weiris,
A radius crown of rubies ſcho him gaif,
And ſaid, In feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

XX.

And ſen thou art a King, thou be diſcreit,
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of ſic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor ſweit;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly *flour-de-lyce*;
Nor lat no wyld weid, full of churliſhneſs
Compair her till the lilleis nobilneſs.

XXI.

Nor hald no udir flour in ſic denty
As the freſche Rose, of cullor reid and quhyt:
For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honeſty;
Conſiddering that no flour is ſo perfyt,
So full of vertew, pleſans, and delyt,
So full of bliſsfull angelik bewty,
Imperial birth, honour and dignite.

XXII.

Thane to the Rose ſcho turnit hir viſage,
And ſaid, O luſty dochtir moſt benyng,
Aboif the lilly, illuſtrare of lynage,
Fro the ſtok ryell ryſing freſche and ying,
But ony ſpot or macull doing ſpring:
Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,
For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

XXIII.

XXIII.

A coſtly crown, with clarefeid ſtonis bricht,
This cumly Quene did on hir heid incloſe,
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht;
Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did rejoſe,
Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richeſt Rose,
Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freſcheſt Quene of flouris,
To the be glory and honour at all houris.

XXIV.

Thane all the birdis ſong with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull ſoun wes marvellus to heir;
The mavys ſang, Haill Rose moſt riche and richt,
That dois upflureiſs under *Phebus* ſpeir!
Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
Haill bloſome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperial.

XXV.

The merle ſcho ſang, Haill Rose of moſt delyt,
Haill of all fluris quene and ſoverane.
The lark ſcho ſang, Haill Rose both reid and quhyt,
Moſt pleaſand flour, of michty coullors twane.
The nichtingaill ſong, Haill Naturis ſuffragene,
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilneſs,
In riche array, renown, and gentilneſs.

XXVI.

XXVI.

The common voce upraiſe of burdis ſmall,
Upon this wys, O bliſſit be the hour
That thou wes choſin to be our principall;
Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
Our perle, our pleſans, and our paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plane felicite;
Chryſt the conſerf frome all adverſite.

XXVII.

Than all the burdis ſong with ſic a ſchout,
That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
And with a braid I turnit me about
To ſe this court; bot all wer went away:
Then up I leinyt, halflinges in affrey,
Callt to my Muſe, and for my ſubject chois
To ſing the Ryel THRISSILL and the ROSE.

Wm. DUNBAR.

The

THE

FENYET FRIER

OF

TUNGLAND.

I.

AS young Aurora with chryſtall haile,
In orient ſchew her viſage paile,
A ſwenyng ſwyth did me aſſaile
Of ſonis of Sathanis ſeid;
Methocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
Full long in wachman's weid.

II.

Fra baptaſing for to eſchew,
Thair a religious man he ſlew,
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diſſimulance,
And all his curſit governance,
For feir he fled, and come in France,
With litill of Lumbard leid.

III.

III.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair;
Quhilk mony a man might rew evirmair;
For he left nowthir ſick nor ſair
Unſlane, or he hyne yeid.
Vane-organis he full clenely carvit;
Quhen of his ſtraik ſae mony ſtarvit,
Dreid he had gottin quhat he deſarvit,
He fled away gude ſpeid.

IV.

In Scotland than, the narreſt way,
He come, his cunning till aſſay,
To ſum man thair it was no play
The preving of his ſciens.
In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,
He murdreiſt mony in medecyne;
The jow was of a grit engyne,
And generit was of gyans.

V.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a nycht to byd
A haiknay and the hurtman's hyd,
So meikle he was of myance.
His yrins was rude as ony rawchtir,
Quhaire he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
Full mony inſtrument for ſlawchtir
Was in his gardevyance.

VI.

VI.

He cowth gif cure for laxative,
To gar a wicht horſe want his lyve;
Quha evir aſſay wald man or wyve,
Thair hippis yied hiddy-giddy.
His practikis never war put to preif,
But ſuddane deid or grit miſchief,
He had purgatioun to mak a theif
To die without a widdy.

VII.

Unto no meſs preſſit this prelat,
For ſound of ſacring bell nor ſkellat,
As blackſmyth brinkit was his pallatt
For battring at the ſtudy.
Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
He had diſpenſit with Matynis cannoun,
On him come nowthir ſtole nor fannoun
For ſmuking of the ſmydy.

VIII.

Methocht ſeir faſſonis he aſſailyeit
To mak the quinteſſance and failyeit;
And quhen he ſaw *that* nocht availyeit,
A fedrem on he tuke:
And ſchupe in Turky for to flie;
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All fowill ferleit quhat he ſowld be,
That evir did on him luke.

IX.

Sum held he had bene *Dedalus*,
Sum the Menatair marvelus,
And ſum *Martis* ſmyth *Vulcanus*,
And ſum *Saturnus* kuke.
And evir the cuſchettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
The hudit-crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The hevin he micht not bruke.

X.

Then Myttaine and Saint Martynis fowle
Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
Thay ſet upon him with a yowle,
And gaif him dynt for dynt.
The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
Beft him with buffets quhill he bled;
The ſpar halk to the ſpring him ſped
Als fers as fyre of flynt.

XI.

The tarſall gaif him tug for tug,
A ſtanchell hang in ilka lug,
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
The ſtork ſtraik ay but ſtint;
The biſſart biſſy but rebuik,
Scho was ſo cleverus of her cluik,
His (lugs) he micht not langer bruke,
Scho held thame at ane hint.

XII.

XII.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
In battell him abowt.
Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
The rerd of thame raiſe to the ſky,
And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy,
His lyfe was into dowt.

XIII.

The ja him ſkrippit with a ſkryke,
And ſkornit him as it was lyk;
The egill ſtrong at him did ſtryke,
And raucht him mony a rout:
For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
Beneath him with a ſpowt.

XIV.

He ſcheure his feddereme that was ſchene,
And ſlippit out of it full clene,
And in a myre, up to the ene,
Amang the glar did glyd.
The fowlis all at the fedrem dang
As at a monſter thame amang,
Quhyl all the pennis of it owtſprang
Intill the air full wyde.

XV.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair
Sa lang as any ravin did rair;
The crawis him ſocht with cryis of cair
In every ſchaw beſyde.
Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
Thay had him revin with thair cluikis.
Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
He did with dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
With ſkryking, ſkryming, and with ſcowlis,
To tak him in the tyde.
I walknit with noyis and ſchowte,
So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
Senſyne I curſt that cankirit rowte
Quhair evir I go or ryde.

DREAM.

I.

LUCINA ſchynyng in ſilence of the nicht,
The hevin being all full of ſternis bricht,
To bed I went; bot thair I tuke no reſt,
With havy thocht I wes ſo ſoir oppreſt,
That ſair I langit eftir dayis licht;

Of Fortoun I compleinit hevely,
That ſcho to me ſtude ſo contrarouſly;
And at the laſt quhen I had turnyt oft
For werines, on me an ſlummer ſoft
Come, with ane dreming, and a fanteſy.

II.

Methocht Deme Fortoun, with ane fremit cheir,
Stude me beforne, and ſaid on this maneir.
Thow ſuffir me to work gif thow do weill,
And preiſs the nocht to ſtryfe aganis my quheill,
Quhilk every wardly thing dois turne and ſteir.
Fall mony ane man I turne into the hicht,
And maks als mony full law to doun licht.
Up on my ſtaigis or that thow aſcend,
Treiſt weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,
Seing thir taiknis, quhairfoir thow mark them richt.

III.

Thy trublit gaiſt ſall neir moir be degeſt,
Nor thow into no benefice beis poſſeſt,
Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
And flé up in the air amangis the crennis,
And als ane falcone fair fro eiſt to weſt.

IV.

He ſall aſcend as ane horreble grephoun,
Him meit ſall in the air ane ſcho dragoun;
Thir terrible monſteris ſall togidder thriſt,
And in the cludis gett the Antechriſt,
Quhill all the air infeck of their puſoun.

V.

Undir Saturnus fyre regioun
Symone Magus ſall meit him and Mahoun,
And Merlyne at the mone ſall hym be bydand,
And Jonet the widow on ane beſſome rydand,
Of wichis with an windir gareſoun;
And ſyne thay ſall diſcend with reik and fyre,
And preiche in erth the Antechryſt's impyre.
Be than it ſall be neir this warld's end.
With that this lady ſone fra me did wend.

VI.

Quhen I awoke my dreme it wes ſo nyce,
Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
Quhill I hard tell be mony ſuthfaſt wy
Fle wald an abbot up into the ſky,
And all his fetherine maid wes at devyce.

VII.

Within my hairt confort I tuke full ſone,
Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis are done.
Full weill I wiſt to me wald nevir cum thrift,
Quhill that twa monis wer ſene up in the lift,
Or quhill an abbot flew aboiſ the mone.

How

How DUNBAR *wes deſyred to be ane* FRIER.

I.

THIS nycht befoir the dawing cleir
Methocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
With ane religious abbeit in his hand,
And ſaid, In this go cleith the my ſervand,
Refuſe the warld, for thow mon be a freir.

II.

With him and with his abbeit bayth I ſkarrit,
Like to ane man that with a gaiſt wes marrit:
Methocht on bed he layid it me abone;
Bot on the flure delyverly and ſone
I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

III.

Quoth he, quhy ſkarris thow with this holy weid?
Cloith the tharin, for weir it thow moſt neid;
Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
Sall now be freir, and in this abbeit preiche:
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.

IV.

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be the till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
To me, that of thy clayis ar ſo kynd;
Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd:
Sweet confeſſour, thow tak it nocht in ill.

V.

V.

In haly legendis have I hard allevin,
Ma ſanctis of biſchoppis, nor freiris, be ſic ſevin;
Of full few freiris that has bene ſanctis I reid;
Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane biſchopis weid,
Gife evir thow wald my ſaule gaid unto hevin.

VI.

My brethir oft hes maid the ſupplicatiouns,
Be epiſtillis, ſermonis, and relatiounis,
To tak the abyte; bot thow did poſtpone;
But ony proceſs cum on; thairfoir anone
All circumſtance put by and excuſationis.

VII.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
The dait thairof is paſt full mony a yeir;
For into every luſty toun and place,
Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Calice,
I haif into thy habeit maid gud cheir.

VIII.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterberry;
In it I paſt at Dover our the ferry,
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

IX.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris ſtyle,
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
In me wes falſet with every wicht to flatter,
Quhilk mycht be ſlemit with na haly watter;
I wes ay reddy all men to begyle.

X.

X.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
Ane fiend he wes in liknes of ane freir;
He vaneiſt away with ſtynk and fyrrie ſmowk;
With him methocht all the houſe end he towk,
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir.

The DAUNCE.

I.

OF Februar the fiftene nycht,
Richt lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay intill a trance;
And then I ſaw baith hevin and hell;
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance,
Of ſhrewis that wer nevir ſchrevin,
Againſt the feiſt of Faſternis evin,
To mak thair obſervance;
He bad gallands ga graith a gyis,
And caſt up gamountis in the ſkyis,
The laſt came out of France.

II.

Lat ſe, quoth he, now quha beginis:
With that the fowll ſevin deidly ſinis
Begowth to leip atanis.
And firſt of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
With hair wyld bak, bonet on ſyd,
Lyk to mak vaiſtie wanis;

And round about him as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heill,
His kethat for the nanis.
Mony proud trumpour with him trippit,
Throw ſkaldan fyre ay as they ſkippit,
They girnd with hyddous granis.

III.

Heilie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
Come in with mony findrie gyis,
Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,
Quhill preiſtis cum with bair ſchevin nekks,
Than all the feynds lewche, and maid gekks,
Black-belly and *Bawſy-Brown*.

IV.

Than *Yre* come in with ſturt and ſtryfe;
His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
He brandeiſt lyk a beir;
Boſtaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him paſſit into pairis,
All bodin in feir of weir.
In Jakkis, ſtryppis, and bonnettis of ſteill,
Thair leggis wer chenyiet to the heill,
Frawart wes thair affeir;
Sum upoun uder with brands beft,
Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
With knyvis that ſcherp coud ſcheir.

V.

Next in the dance followit *Invy*,
Fild full of feid and fellony,
Hid malice and deſpyte.

For

For pryvie haterit that tratour trymlit,
Him followit mony freik diſſymlit,
With fenyeit wordis quhyte.
And flattereris into menis facis,
And back-byttaris of ſundry racis,
To ley that had delyte,
With rownaris of fals leſingis;
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis,
Of thame can nevir be quyte.

VI.

Next him in dans come *Cuvatyce*,
Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
That nevir cowd be content;
Catyvis, wrechis, and Ockeraris,
Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,
All with that *Warlo* went:
Out of thair throttis they ſhot on udder
Hett moltin gold, methocht, a fudder
As fyre-flaucht maiſt fervent;
Ay as thay tumit thame of ſchot,
Feynds filt thame well up to the thrott,
With gold of all kynd prent.

VII.

Syne *Sweirnes*, at the ſecound bidding,
Com lyk a ſow out of a midding,
Full ſlepy wes his grunyie.
Mony ſweir bumbard belly huddroun,
Mony ſlute daw, and ſlepy duddroun,
Him ſervit ay with ſounyie.

He

He drew thame furth intill a chenyie,
And Belliall, with a brydill renyie,
Evir laſcht thame on the lunyie.
In dance thay war ſo ſlaw of feit,
They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
And maid them quicker of counyie.

VIII.

Than *Lichery*, that lathly corſs,
Berand lyk a bagit horſs,
And *Idilneſs* did him leid;
Thair wes with him an ugly ſort,
And mony ſtinkand fowll tramort,
That had in ſyn bene deid:
Quhen thay were enterit in the daunce,
Thay wer full ſtrenge of countenance,
Lyk turkas burnand reid;
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
It mycht be na remeid.

IX.

Than the fowll monſtir *Glutteny*,
Of wame unſaſiable and gredy,
To dance ſyn did him dreſs;
Him followet mony foull drunckhart,
With can and collep, cop and quart,
In ſurffet and exceſs.
Full mony a waiſtleſs wally-drag,
With waimis unweildable, did furth wag,
In creiſche that did increſs.

Drynk

Drynk, ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip,
The feynds gave them hait leid to laip,
Thair lovery wes na leſs.

X.

Na menſtralls playit to thame but dowt,
For gle-men thair wer haldin out,
Be day, and eik by nycht;
Except a menſtrall that ſlew a man;
Sa till his heretage he wan,
And entirt be breif of richt.

XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane;
Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadyane,
Far northwart in a nuke;
Be he the Correnoth had done ſchout,
Erſche men ſo gadderit him about,
In hell grit rume thay tuke:
Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Erſche begowt to clatter,
And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
The devill ſa devit wes with thair yell,
That in the depeſt pot of hell
He ſmorit thame with ſmuke.

The SWEIRERS *and the* DEVILL.

I.

THIS nycht in ſleip I was agaſt,
Methocht the devill wes tempand faſt
The people with aithis of crewaltie,
Sayand, as throw the merkat he paſt,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

II.

Methocht as he went throw the way,
Ane preiſt ſweirit braid, be God verey,
Quhilk at the alter reſſavit he;
Thow art my clerk, the devill can ſay,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

III.

Than ſwoir a courtyour mekle of pryd
Be Chryſtis woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his harmes wes rent on tre.
Than ſpak the devill, hard him beſyd,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

IV.

Ane merchand, his geir as he did ſell,
Renuncit his part of hevin and hell;
The devill ſaid, Welcum mot thow be,
Thou ſall be merchand for my ſell,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

V.

V.

Ane goldſmith ſaid, The golds ſa fyne
That all the warkmanſchip I tyne;
The feind reſſaif me gif I lie;
Think on, quoth the devill, that thow art mine,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VI.

Ane tailyor ſaid, In all this toun,
Be thair ane better weil maid gown,
I gif me to the feynd all fre;
Gramercy, tailyor, ſaid Mahoun,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VII.

Ane ſouttar ſaid, In gud effek,
Nor I be hangit be the nek,
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;
Fy, quoth the feynd, thou ſawris of blek,
Go clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII.

Ane baxſtar ſayd, I forſaik God,
And all his werkis, evin and od,
Gif fairar ſtuff neidis to be;
The devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

IX.

The fleſhour ſwoir be the ſacrament,
And be Chryſt's blud maiſt innocent,
Nevir fatter fleſch ſaw man with ee;
The devill ſaid, hald on thy intent,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

X.

The maltman ſayis, I God forſaik,
And that the devill of hell me taik,
Gif ony bettir malt may be,
And of this kill I haif inlaik;
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XI.

Ane browſtar ſwore the malt wes ill,
Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
That it will be na aill for me,
Ane boll will not ſex gallonis fill;
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XII.

The ſmith ſwoir be rude and raip,
Intill a gallowis mot I gaip,
Gif I ten dayis wan pennies thre,
For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIII.

Ane menſtrall ſaid, The feind me ryfe,
* * * * * * * * * * *
The devill ſaid, hardly mot it be,
Exerce that craft in all thy lyfe,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIV.

Ane dyſour ſaid, with words of ſtryfe,
The devill mot ſtik him with a knyfe,
But he keſt up fair ſyſſis thre;
The devill ſaid, Endit is thy life,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XV.

Ane theif ſaid, Ill that evir I chaip,
Nor ane ſtark widdy gar me gaip,
But I in hell for geir wald be;
The devill ſaid, Welcum in a raip,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XVI.

The fiſche-wyffis flet, and ſwoir with grainis,
And to the feind ſauld fleſche and banis;
Thay gaif thame with ane ſchout on hie;
The devill ſaid, Welcum all at ainis,
Renunce your God, and cum to me.

XVII.

Methocht the devills als black as pik,
Soliſſand wer, as beis thik,
Ay tempand folk with wayis ſlie;
Rounand to *Robene* and to *Dik*,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

The TESTAMENT *of* Mr ANDRO KENNEDY.

I.

I Maſter Andro Kennedy,
A (matre) quando ſum vocatus,
Begotten with ſum incuby,
Or with ſum freir *infatuatus*;
In faith I can nocht tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod ſum diabolus incarnatus.

II.

Cum nihil ſit certius morte,
We man all de quhen we haif done;
Neſcimus quando, vel qua ſorte,
Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw nicht I mycht nocht ſleip a wink;
Licet æger in corpore,
Yet wald my mouth be watt with drink.

III.

Nunc condo teſtamentum meum,
I leif my ſaul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
Into my lordis wyne-cellar;
Semper ibi ad remanendum
Till domeſday cum without diffiver,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
With ſweit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.

IV.

Ipſe eſt dulcis ad amandum,
He wuld oft ban me in his breth,
Det mihi modo ad potandum,
And I forgaif him laith and wreth.
Quia in cellar *cum cerviſia,*
I had lever ly baith air and lait,
Nudus ſolus in camiſia,
Than in my lordis bed of ſtait.

V.

V.

Ane barrel being ay at my boſom,
Of warldly gude I bad na mair;
Et corpus meum ebrioſum,
I leif unto the town of Air;
In ane draff midding for evir and ay,
Ut ibi ſepeliri queam,
Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
Be caſtin *ſuper faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my hairt that nevir wes ſicker,
Sed ſemper variabile,
That evir mair wald flow and flicker,
Conſorti meo Jacobo Wylie:
Thoch I wald bind it with a wicker,
Verum Deum renui;
Bot and I hecht to tume a bicker,
Hoc pactum ſemper tenui.

VII.

Syne leif I the beſt aucht I bocht,
Quod eſt Latinum propter cape,
To the heid of my kin; but waite I nocht,
Quis eſt ille, than ſchro my ſkape.
I tald my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
Sed nulli alii hoc ſciverunt,
We wer als ſib as ſeif and riddill,
In una ſilva quæ creverunt.

VIII.

VIII.

Quia mea ſolatia
They wer bot leſingis all and ane,
Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
I leive the maiſter of Sanct Anthane,
William Gray, *ſine gratia,*
My ain deir cuſine, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
But quhen the Holene tree growis grene.

IX.

My fenyeing, and my fals winning,
Relinquo falſis fratribus ;
For that is Gods awin bidding,
Diſparſit, dedit pauperibus.
For mens ſaulis they ſay and ſing,
Mentientes pro muneribus ;
Now God give thaime ane evill ending,
Pro ſuis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the ſule, my foly fre
Lego poſt corpus ſepultum ;
In faith I am mair fule than he,
Licet oſtendo bonum vultum.
Of corne and cattell, gold and fie,
Ipſe habet valde multum,
And yit he bleiris my lordis ee,
Fingendo eum fore ſtultum.

XI.

XI.

To Maiſter Johney Clerk ſyne,
Do et lego intime
Gods braid maleſone, and myne;
Nam ipſe eſt cauſa mortis meæ.
Wer I a doig and he a ſwyne,
Multi mirantur ſuper me,
Bot I ſould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
Scribendo dentes ſine D.

XII.

Reſiduum omnium bonorum
For to diſpone my lord ſal haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
Baith Adie, Kittie, and all the laif.
In faith I will na langer raif,
Pro ſepultura ordino
On the new gyſe, ſa God me ſaif,
Non ſicut more ſolito.

XIII.

In die meæ ſepulturæ,
I will have nane but our awin gang,
Et duos ruſticos de rure
Berand ane barrell on a ſtang,
Drinkand and playand cap-out; eveu
Sicut egomet ſolebam,
Singand and greitand with the ſtevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miſcebam.

XIV.

XIV.

I will no preiſtis for me ſing,
Dies ille, dies iræ;
Nor yet na bellis for me ring,
Sicut ſemper ſolet fieri;
But a bag-pyp to play a ſpring,
Et unum ale-wiſp *ante me;*
Inſteid of torchis, for to bring
Quatuor lagenas cerviſiæ,
Within tha graif to ſett, fit thing,
In modum crucis juxta me,
To ſle the feyndis, than hardly ſing
De terra plaſmaſti me.

TYDINGS *fra the* SESSIOUN.

I.

ANE murelandis man of uplandis mak,
At hame thus to his nychbour ſpak,
Quhat tidings, goſſep? peax or weir?
The tother rounit in his eir,
I tell yow this under confeſſioun,
But laitly lichtit of my meir,
I come of Edinburgh fra the ſeſſioun.

II.

II.

Quhat tydingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?
The tother anſwerit, I ſall ſay yow;
  Keip this all ſecreit, gentill brother,
  Is na man thair that treſtis an uther:
Ane common doer of tranſgreſſioun,
  Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:
Sic tydings hard I at the ſeſſioun.

III.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleis
That wald for envy byt aff his neis.
  His fa him by the oxtar leidis;
  Sum patteris with his mowth on beids,
That hes his mynd all on oppreſſioun;
  Sum beckis full law, and ſchawis bair heidis,
Wald luke full heich war not the ſeſſioun.

IV.

Sum bidand the law, layis land in wed;
Sum ſuperexpendit gois to his bed;
  Sum ſpeidis, for he in court hes meins;
  Sum of partialitie complenis,
How feid and favour ſlemis diſcretioun;
  Sum ſpeikis full fair, and falſsly ſenis:
Sic thingis hard I at the ſeſſioun.

V.

V.

Sum caſts ſummondis, and ſum exceptis;
Sum ſtand beſyd and ſkaild law keppis;
Sum is concludit, ſum wins, ſum tynes;
Sum makis him mirry at the wynis;
Sum is put out of his poſſeſſioun;
Sum herreit, and on credens dynis:
Sic tydings hard I at the ſeſſioun.

VI.

Sum ſweiris, and forſaikis God;
Sum in ane lamb-ſkin is ane tod;
Sum in his tung his kyndneſs turſis;
Sum cuttis throattis, and ſum pykis purſis;
Sum gois to gallows with proceſſioun;
Sum ſains the ſait, and ſum thame curſis:
Syc tydingis hard I at the ſeſſioun.

VII.

Relgious men of divers placis
Cum thair to wow, and ſe fair faces;
Baith Carmelitis and Cordilleris
Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
And ar unmindfull of thair profeſſioun;
The yunger at the eldair leiris:
Sic tydings hard I at the ſeſſioun.

VIII.

VIII.

Thair cumis yung monkis of he complexioun,
Of devoit mynd, luve, and affectioun;
And in the courte thair hait fleſche dantis,
Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis;
Thay ar ſo hummill of interceſſioun,
All mercifull wemen thair errand grantis:
Sic tydings hard I at the ſeſſioun.

A General Satyre.

I.

DEVORIT with dreim, deviſing in my ſlumber,
How that this realme, with nobillis out of number
Gydit, provydit ſa mony years hes bene;
And now ſic hunger, ſic cowartis, and ſic cumber,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

II.

Sic pryd with prellattis, ſo few till preiche and pray,
Sic hant of harlottis with thame, bayth nicht and day,
That ſowld haif ay thair God afore thair ene,
So nice array, ſo ſtrange to thair abbay,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

III.

So mony preiſtis cled up in ſecular weid,
With blaſing breiſtis caſting thair claiths on breid,
It is no need to tell of quhome I mene,
To quhome the Pſalme and Teſtament to reid,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

IV.

So mony maiſteris, ſo mony guckit clerkis,
So mony weſtaris, to God and all his warkis,
So fyry ſparkis, of diſpyt fro the ſplene,
Sic loſin ſarkis, ſo mony glengour markis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

V.

So mony lords, ſo mony naturall fules,
That bettir accordis to play thame at the trulis,
Nor ſeis the dulis that commons dois ſuſtene,
New tane fra ſculis; ſo mony anis and mulis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

VI.

Sa meikle treſſone, ſa mony partial ſawis,
Sa littill reſſone, to help the common cawis,
That all the lawis ar not ſet by ane bene;
Sic ſenyiet flawis, ſa mony waſtit wawis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

VII.

Sa mony theivis and murderis weil kend,
Sa grit releivis of lords thame to defend,
Becauis they ſpend the pelf thame betwene,
Sa few till wend this miſcheif, till amend,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

VIII.

This to correct, they ſchow with mony crakkis,
But littill effect of ſpeir or battar ax,
Quhen curage lakkis the corſs that ſould mak kene;
Sa mony jakkis, and brattis on beggaris bakkis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

IX.

IX.

Sic vant of wouſtours with hairtis in ſinful ſtatures,
Sic brallaris and boſteris, degenerait fra their natures,
And ſic regratouris, the pure men to prevene;
Sa mony traytouris, ſa mony rubeatouris,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

X.

Sa mony jugeis and lords now maid of late,
Sa ſmall refugeis the pure man to debait;
Sa mony eſtate, for commoun weil ſa quhene,
Owre all the gait, ſa mony thevis ſa tait,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

XI.

Sa mony ane ſentence retreitit, for to win.
Geir and acquentance, or kyndneſs of thair kin;
Thay think no ſin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene;
Sa mony a gin, to haiſt thame to the pin,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

XII.

Sic knavis and crakkaris, to play at carts and dyce,
Sic halland-ſcheckaris, quhilk at *Cowkelbyis* gryce,
Are haldin of pryce, when lymaris do convene,
Sic ſtore of vyce, ſa mony wittis unwyſe,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

XIII.

Sa mony merchandis, ſa mony are menſworne,
Sic pure tenandis, ſic curſing evin and morn,
Quhilk ſlayis the corn, and fruct that growis grene;
Sic ſkaith and ſcorne, ſa mony paitlattis worne,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

XIV.

Sa mony rackettis, ſa mony ketche-pillaris,
Sic ballis, ſic nachettis, and ſic tutivillaris,
And ſic evil-willaris to ſpeik of King and Quene.
Sic pudding-fillaris, deſcending doun from millaris,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

XV.

Sic fartingaillis on flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
Fattit lyk fulis with hattis that littil availis;
And ſic fowill tailis to ſweip the calſay clene,
The duſt upſkaillis, mony fillok———
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

XVI.

Sa mony ane Kittie, dreſt up with goldin chenyes,
Sa few witty, that weil can fabillis fenyie,
With apill renyeis ay ſhawand hir goldin chene,
Of Sathanis ſeinye, ſure ſic an unſaul menyie
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

DISCRETIOUN *in Aſking.*

I.

OF every aſking followis nocht
Rewaird, bot gif ſum caus wer wrocht;
And quhair caus is, men weil ma ſie;
And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

II.

II.

Ane fule, thocht he haif caus or nane,
Cryis ay, gif me into a drene;
And he that dronis ay as ane bee
Sould haif an heirar dull as ſtane;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

III.

Sum aſkis mair than he deſervis,
Sum aſkis far les than he ſervis,
Sum ſchames to aſk as braids of me,
And all without reward he ſtervis;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

IV.

To aſk but ſervice hurts gud fame,
To aſk for ſervice is not blame;
To ſerve and leif in beggartie,
To man and maiſtir is baith ſchame;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

V.

He that dois all his beſt ſervyis,
May ſpill it all with crakkis and cryis,
Be foul inoportunitie;
Few wordis may ſerve the wyis;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VI.

Nocht neidfull is men ſuld be dum,
Nathing is gotin but wordis ſum,
Nocht ſped but diligence we ſe;
For nathing it allane will cum;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VII.

Aſking wald haif convenient place,
Convenient tyme, laſar, and ſpace;
But haiſt or preis of grit menye,
But hairt abaſit, but toung reckles;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VIII.

Sum micht haif (ye) with littill cure,
That hes aft (nay) with grit labour,
All for that tyme not byde can he;
He tynis baith errand and honour;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

IX.

Suppois the ſervand be lang unquit,
The Lord ſumtyme rewaird will it,
Gif he dois not, quhat remedy?
To fecht with fortoun is no wit;
In aſking ſould Diſcretioun be.

DISCRETIOUN *of Giving.*

I.

TO ſpeik of gift or almous deidis,
Sum gevis for mereit and for meidis;
Sum, wardly honour to up hie,
Gevis to thame that nothing neidis;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

II.

II.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane,
Sum gevis with grudgeing and with pane,
Sum gevis in prattik for fupple,
Sum gevis for twyis als gud agane;
In geving fould Diſcretioun be.

III.

Sum gevis for thank, ſum cheritie,
Sum gevis money, and ſum gevis meit,
Sum gevis wordis fair and ſle,
Giftis fra ſum ma na man treit;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

IV.

Sum is for gift ſa lang requyred,
Quhill that the crevir be ſo tyred,
That or the gift deliverit be,
The thank is fruſtrát and expyred;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

V.

Sum gevis ſo littill full wretchetly,
That his giftis are not ſet by,
And for a huide-pyk haldin is he,
That all the warld cryis on him, fy!
In geving ſould diſcretioun be.

VI.

Sum in his geving is ſo large,
That all oure-laidin is his berge,
Throw vyce and prodigalite,
Thairof his honour dois diſchairge;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

VII.

Sum to the riche gevis geir,
That micht his giftis weill forbeir;
And thocht the peur for ſalt ſould de,
His cry nocht enteris in his eir;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

VIII.

Sum gevis to ſtrangeris with face new,
That yiſterday fra Flanderis flew;
And auld ſervantis liſt not ſe,
War thay nevir of ſa grit vertew;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

IX.

Sum gevis to thame can aſk and plenyie,
Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
Sum gevis to men of honeſtie,
And haldis all jangealaris at diſdenyie;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

X.

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis
To ſweir all that his maiſter ſayis,
Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he;
Ar mony ſic now in thir dayis;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

XI.

Sum gevis gud men for thair gud kewis,
Sum gevis to trumpouris and to ſchrewis,
Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie;
But in thair office gude fundin few is;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

XII.

XII.

Sum gevis parochynis full wyd,
Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
To teiche, to rewill, and to ovirſie,
That he na wit hes thame to gyd;
In geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

Discretioun *in Taking.*

I.

EFTIR geving I ſpeik of taking,
Bot littill of ony gud forſaiking;
Sum takkis our ſittill autoritie,
And ſum oure-mekle, and that is glaiking;
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

II.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
Sum of Sanct Peter, and ſum of Sanct Paulis;
Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
Suppois the divill tak all thair ſawlis;
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

III.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
All fruitt that growis on the feure,
In mailis and gerſomes raiſit ouir he,
And garris thame beg fra dure to dure;
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

IV.

IV.

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
And on the peure oppreſſioun makkis,
And never remembris that he mon die,
Quhyl that the gallowis gar him rax;
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

V.

Sum takis be ſie and be land,
And nevir fra taking hald thair hand,
Quhill he be tyit up to ane tre;
And ſyn thay gar him underſtand,
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VI.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir;
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him ſee,
To tak than ſuld he nevir forbeir;
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VII.

Sum wald tak all this warld's breid,
And yet not ſatisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt unſatiable and gredie;
Sum wald tak littill, and can not ſpeid;
In taking ſould Diſcretion be.

VIII.

Grit men for taking and oppreſſioun,
Ar ſet full famous at the ſeſſioun,
And peur takaris are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir, and thair ſucceſſioun;
In taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

ANE *his awin* ENNEMY.

I.

HE that hes gold and grit richeſs,
And may be into myrrineſs,
And dois gladneſs fra him expell,
And levis into wretchitneſs,
He wirkis ſorrow to him ſell.

II.

He that may be but ſturt or ſtryfe,
And leif ane luſty pleſand lyfe,
And ſyne with mariege dois him mell,
And binds him with ane wicket wyfe,
He wirkis ſorrow to him ſell.

III.

He that hes for his awin genyie
And pleſand prop, bot mank or menyie,
And ſhuttis ſyne at an uncow ſchell,
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
He wirkis ſorrow to him ſell.

IV.

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
But variance or uder ſlewth,
Dois evir mair with ane maiſter dwell,
That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
He wirkis ſorrow to him ſell.

V.

V.

Now all this tyme let us be mirry,
And ſet nocht by this warld a chirry;
Now quhyll thair is gude wyne to ſell,
He that dois on dry breid wirry,
I gif him to the devill of hell.

No TRESSOUR *without* GLAIDNES.

I.

BE mirry, man, and tak nocht far in mynd,
The wawering of this wrechit warld of ſorrow,
To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow.
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure;
For oft with wyſure it hes bene ſaid a forrow,
Without glaidnes awailis no treſſour.

II.

Mak the gud cheir of it that God the ſends,
For warld's wrak but weilfair nocht awailis;
Na gude is thyne, ſaif only bot thow ſpendis,
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis.
Seik to ſolace quhen ſadnes the aſſailis,
In dolour lang thy lyfe ma nocht indure;
Quhairfoir of confort ſet up all thy ſaylis,
Without glaidnes awailis no treſſour.

III.

III.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait,
With famous folkis hald thy cumpany;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne eſtait,
For wardly honour leſtis bot a cry;
For truble in erd tak no mallancoly,
Be riche in patience, gif thow in guds be pure,
Quha levis mirry he levis michtely;
Without glaidnes awailis no treſſour.

IV.

Thow ſeis thir wrechis ſett with ſorrow and cair,
To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis ſpace;
And quhen thair baggis ar full thair ſelfis ar bair,
And of thair riches bot the keping hes;
Quhill uthiris cum to ſpend it that hes grace,
Quilk of thy winning no labour had nor cure:
Tak thow example, and ſpend with mirrines,
Without glaidnes awailis no treſſour.

V.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
Bot meit, drink, clais, and of the laif a ſicht,
Yit to the juge thow ſall gif compt of all;
Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment ſmall:
Be juſt and joyius, and do to none enjure,
And trewth ſall mak the ſtrang as ony wall;
Without glaidnes awailis no treſſour.

ADVICE *to ſpend anes awin* GUDES.

I.

MAN, ſen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And deid is evir drawand neir,
Thy tyme unſicker and the place,
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

II.

Gif it be thyne, thy ſelf it uſis,
Gif it be not, the it refuſis;
Ane uthir of the profeit hes;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

III.

Thow may to day haif gude to ſpend,
And heſtely to morne fra it wend,
And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

IV.

Quhile thou hes ſpace, ſe thou diſpone,
That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
No wicht ane uder ſlay or chace;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with ſorrow and pane,
And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

VI.

VI.

Syne cums ane uder glaid of his ſorrow,
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
And fangis it all with mirrynais;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it ſpairs,
And efter him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thrift ſettis on an ace;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thou heir ſpends,
And nocht all that on the depends,
Bot his to ſpend it that hes grace;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

IX.

Treſt nocht ane uther will do the to,
It that thyſelf wald nevir do;
For gif thou dois, ſtrenge is thy cace;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

X.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane udder,
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;
Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

BEST *to be* BLYTH.

I.

FULL oft I muſe, and hes in thocht,
How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
Quhair nothing ferme is nor degeſt;
And when I haif my mynd all ſocht,
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

II.

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun ſa faſt hir quheill dois cary;
Na tyme but turne can tak reſt,
For quhois falſe change ſuld none be ſary;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

III.

Wald man conſiddir in mynd rycht weill,
Or fortoun on him turn her quheill,
That erdly honour may nocht leſt,
His fall leſs panefull he ſuld feill;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

IV.

Quha with this warld dois warſell and ſtryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thocht he in lordſchip be poſſeſt,
He levis bot ane wrechit life;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

V.

Of wardlis gud and grit richeſs,
Quhat fruct hes man but mirrineſs?
Thocht he this warld had eiſt and weſt,
All wer povertie but glaidneſs;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

VI.

Quho ſuld for tynſall drown or de,
For thyng that is bot vanitie;
Sen to the lyfe that ever dois left,
Heir is bot twynklyng of an ee;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

VII.

Had I for warld's unkyndneſs
In hairt tane ony havineſs,
Or fro my pleſans bene oppreſt,
I had bene deid langſyne dowtleſs;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

VIII.

How evir this warld do change and vary,
Lat us in hairt nevir moir be ſary,
Bot evir be reddy and addreſt,
To paſs out of this frawfull fary;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

Of DEMING.

I.

HOW ſowld I rewill me, or quhat wyis,
I wald ſum wyiſman wald dewyis;

I cannot leif in no degre,
But ſum will my maneris diſpyis;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

II.

Gife I be galland, lufty and blyth,
Than will thay ſay on me full ſwyth,
That out of mynd yon man is hie,
Or ſum hes done him confort kyth;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

III.

Gife I be ſorrowfull and ſad,
Than will thay ſay that I am mad,
I do bot drowp as I wold die;
Thus will thay ſay baith man and lad;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

IV.

Gife I be lufty in array,
Than luve I paramours thay ſay,
Or in my hairt is prowd and hie,
Or ellis I haif it ſum wrang way;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

V.

Gife I be nocht weill als beſeme,
Than twa and twa ſayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,
Lo be his claithis it may be ſene;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

VI.

Gife I be ſene in court ovir lang,
Than will thay murmour thaime amang,

My

My friendis ar not worth a fle,
That I ſa lang but reward garg;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

VII.

In court reward than purches I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And ſecreitly thay on me lie,
And dois me hinder prevely;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

VIII.

I wald my gyding war dewyſit;
Gif I ſpend littill I am diſpyſit,
Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fre,
A prodigall man I am ſo pryſit;
Lord God how ſall I governe me.

IX.

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
And I may no mans tung hald ſtill;
To do the beſt my mynd ſall be,
Latt every man ſay quhat he will;
The, gracious God, mot governe me.

Of DEMING.

I.

MUSING allone this hinder nicht,
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
Within ane garth undir a tre,
I hard ane voce, that ſaid on hicht,
Ma na man now undemit be:

II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
Yit ſall I not eſchew deming;
Sum callis me guid, ſum ſayis I lie,
Sum cravis of God to end my ring,
So ſall I not undemit me.

III.

Be I ane Lord, and not lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purs-pyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be.

IV.

Be I ane lady freſche and fair,
With gentillmen makand repair,
Than will thay ſay, baith ſcho and he,
(I am diſhonorit) lait and air;
Thus ſall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I an courtman, or an knycht,
Honeſtly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me:
Bot God ſend thame a widdy wicht,
That cannot lat ſic deming be.

VI.

Be I bot littill of ſtature,
Thay call me catyve createure;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monſtrowis of nature;
Thus can thay not lat deming be.

VII.

VII.

And be I ornat in my ſpeiche,
Than *Towſy* ſayis, I am ſa ſtreich,
I ſpeik not lyk thair hous menyie;
Suppois her mouth miſters a leiche,
Yit can ſcho not lat deming be.

VIII.

But wiſt thir folkis that uthir demis,
How that thair ſawis to uthir ſemis,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
Thair tratling tungis that all furth temis,
Sum wald lat thair deming be.

IX.

Gude *James* the Ferd, our nobill king,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
In ſentens ſaid full ſubtillie,
Do weil, and ſett nocht by demying,
For no man ſall undemit be.

X.

And ſo I ſall with Goddis grace,
Keip his command into that cace,
Beſeiking ay the TRINITIE,
In hevin that I may haif an place,
For thair ſall no man demit be.

To the KING.

I.

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
How that my yowth I done forloir

In

In your ſervice with pane and greif,
Gud conſciens cryis, reward thairfoir;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

II.

Your clerkis ar ſervit all about,
And I do lyk ane reid halk ſchout,
To cum to lure that hes no leif,
Quhair my plumyis begynis to brek out;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

III.

Forfett is ay the falconis kynd;
But evir the mittane is hard in mynd,
Of quhome the gled dois prettikis preif,
The gentill goiſhalk gois unkynd;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

IV.

The pyet with hir pretty cot,
Fenyeis to ſing the nychtingalis not;
Bot ſcho can nevir the corchat cleif,
For harſhneſs of hir carlich throt;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

V.

Ay fareſt faderis hes farreſt fowlis;
Suppois thay haif no ſang bot youlis,
In ſilver caigis thay ſit at cheif;
Kynd natyve neſt dois clek bot owlis;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

VI.

O gentill egill, how may this be,
That of all fowlis dois heeſt ſle;

Your

Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
And chereis eftir thair degre?
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

VII.

Quhen ſervit is all udir man,
Gentill and ſemple of every clan,
Kyne of *Rauf Colyard*, and *Johne* the reif,
Nathing I get, na conqueſt than;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

VII.

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
And haif few vertewis for to rus;
Yet am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
And fane wald leif as uderis dois;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

IX.

Or I ſuld leif in ſic miſchance,
Gif it to God war no grevance,
To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
For thay on warld wantis no pleſans;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

X.

In ſum parte on my ſelf I plenye,
Quhen udir folkis dois flattir and fenye;
Allace! I can bot ballattis breif,
Sic bairnheid biddis my brydill renye;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

XI.

I grant my ſervice is bot licht;
Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,

I aſk

I aſk you, Schir, no man to greif;
Sum medecyne gife that ye micht;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

XII.

May nane remeid my melady
Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly;
For with a benefice ye may preif,
And gif I mend nocht heſtely;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

XIII.

I wes in yowth on nureis kne,
Dandely, Biſchop, dandely;
And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
Ane ſemple vicar I can nocht be;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

XIV.

Jok that wes wont to keip the ſtirkis,
Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
With ane fals tant into his ſleif,
Worth all my ballattis undir the birkis;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſchief.

XV.

Twa curis or thre hes upolandis Michell,
With diſpenſatiouns bund in a knitchell;
Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell*;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

XVI.

How ſuld I leif that is nocht landit,
Nor yit with benefice am I blandit;

I ſay

I ſay nocht, Schir, you to repreif,
Bot doutles I ga rycht neir handit;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

XVII.

As ſauls is heir in purgatory,
Leving in pane and houp of glory;
Seand myſelf I haif belief,
In howp, Schir, of your adjutory;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

To the KING.

I.

SANCT Salvatour ſend ſilver ſorrow;
It grevis me both evin and morrow,
Chaſing fra me all cheritie;
It makis me all blythnes to borrow;
My panefull purs ſo priclis me.

II.

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,
Langour thairto givis me no leif;
War nocht gud howp my hart uphie,
My verry corps for cair wald cleif;
My panefull purs ſo priclis me.

III.

Quhen I fett me to ſing or dance,
Or go to pleſand paſtance,

Than pauſing of penuritie
Revis that fra my rememberance;
My panefull purs ſo priclis me.

IV.

Quhen men that hes purſes in tone,
Paſſes to drynk or to disjone,
Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
And ſay that I will faſt quhill none;
My panefull purs ſo priclis me.

V.

My purs is maid of ſic ane ſkin,
Thair will na corſes byd it within;
Strait as fra the feynd thay fle,
Quha evir tyne, quha evir win;
My panefull purs ſo priclis me.

VI.

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
Culd mak on it ane conjuratioun,
To gar ſilver ay in it be,
The devill ſuld haif no dominatioun
With pyne to gar it prickill me.

VII.

I haif inquyrit in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
And all men ſayis, my Lord, that ye
Can beſt remeid for this malice,
That with ſic panis prickills me.

None

NONE *may* ASSURE *in this* WARLD.

I.

QUHOME to ſall I complene my wo,
And kyth my cairis on or mo;
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freind, quha is my fo;
For in this warld may none aſſure.

II.

Lord, how ſall I my dayis diſpone,
For lang ſervice rewarde is none;
And ſchort my lyfe may heir indure;
And loſſit is my tyme bygone;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

III.

Oft Falſett rydis with ane rout,
Quhen Treuth gois on his fute about,
And lak of ſpending dois him ſpur,
Thus what to do I am in dout;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

IV.

Nane heir bot richemen hes renoun,
And bot puremen ar pluckit down;
And nane bot juſt men tholis injure,
Sa wit is blindit and reſſoun;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

V.

Vertew the court hes done diſpyis,
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryis,

And cairlis of nobills hes the cure,
And bumbards bruks the benefyis;
Into this warld ma none assure.

VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie
Ar passit out of he degre;
On fredome is laid forfaltour;
In princis is thair no pety;
For in this warld ma none assure.

VII.

Is none so armit into plait,
That can fra truble him debait;
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait;
Into this warld ma none assure.

VIII.

Flattery weiris ane furrit goun,
And Falsett with the lord dois roun;
And Treuth stands barrit at the dure,
And exulit is of the toun;
Into this warld ma none assure.

IX.

Fra everilk mouth fair wirds proceidis,
In every hairt disceptioun breids;
Fra every all gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids;
Into this warld ma none assure.

X.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
And hairtis are maid of hard flynt stone;

And

And ene of amiable blyth aſure,
And hands of adamant laith to diſpone;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XI.

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
Mon anſwer deth quhen he dois call,
To compt befoir the juge future;
Sen all ar deid, or than de ſall,
Quha ſuld into this warld aſſure?

XII.

Nothing bot deth this ſchortly cravis,
Quhair fortoun evir us ſo diſſavis,
With freyndly ſmylinge of ane hure,
Quhais fals behechtis as wind hym wavis;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XIV.

O quha ſall weild the wrang poſſeſſioun,
Or the gold gatherit with oppreſſioun,
Quhen the angell blawis his bugill ſture!
Quilk unreſtorit helpis no confeſſioun;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XIH.

Quhat help is thair in lordſchippis ſevin,
Quhen na hous is bot hell and hevin,
Palice of licht, or pitt obſcure,
Quhair youlis are hard with horreble ſtevin;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XV.

Ubi ardentes animæ,
Semper dicentes, Ve! Ve! Ve!

Sall cry, Allace that women thame bure!
O quantæ ſunt iſtæ tenebræ!
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XVI.

Than quho ſall wirk for warld's wrak,
Quhen flude and fyre ſall our it frak,
And frely fruſtir feild and fure,
With tempeſt kene and hiddous crak;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XVII.

Lord, ſen in tyme ſo none to cum,
De terra ſurrecturus ſum,
Reward me with none erdly cure,
Tu regum da imperium;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

LAMENT *for the* DETH *of the* MAKKARIS.

I.

I THAT in heill wes and glaidneſs,
Am trublit now with grit ſeikneſs,
And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

Our pleſans heir is all vane glory,
This falſe warld is bot tranſitory,
The fleſche is bruckle, the feynd is ſle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

III.

The ſtait of man dois chainge and vary,
Now ſound, now ſeik, now blyth, now ſary,
Now danſand mirry, now lyk to die;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IV.

No ſtait in erd heir ſtandis ſicker;
As with the wind wavis the wicker,
So waivis this warlds vanitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

V.

Unto the deth gois all eſtaitis,
Princis, prelattis, and poteſtaitis,
Bayth riche and puire of all degre;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VI.

He taikis the knychtis into the feild,
Enarmit undir helme and ſcheild,
Victor he is at all mellie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VII.

That ſtrang unvynſable tirrand
Taks on the muderis breiſt ſowkand
The bab, full of benignitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VIII.

He taikis the campioun in the ſtour,
The captane cloſit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewtie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IX.

IX.

He ſpairis no lord for his puſiens,
Nor clerk for his intelligens;
His awfull ſtraik may no man ſle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

X.

Art magicianis and aſtrologis,
Rethoris, logitianis, theologis,
Thame helpis no concluſionis ſle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XI.

In madecyne the moſt practitianis,
Leichis, ſurigianis, and phefitianis,
Thame ſelf fra deth ma not ſupple;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XII.

I ſee the Makkaris amangis the laif
Playis heir thair padyanis, ſyne gois to graif,
Spairit is nocht thair facultie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

He hes done peteouſlie devoir,
The Noble Chawſer of Makars flowir,
The monk of Berry, and Gowyr, all thre;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIV.

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,
Etrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He hes tane out of this cuntrie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XV.

XV.

That ſcorpioun fell hes done infek
Maiſter Johne Clerk, and James Affleck,
Fra ballat makking and tragedy;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit;
Allace! that he nocht with us levit
Sir Mungo Dockhart of the Lie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVII.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
That made the aventers of Sir Gawane,
Sir Gilbert Gray endit hes he;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVIII.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill
Slane with his ſchot of mortall haill,
Quhilk Patrick Johnſtoun mycht nocht fle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIX.

He hes reft Merſar his indyte,
That did in luve ſo lyfly write,
So ſchort, ſo quick, of ſentens hie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene,
And gentill Rowll of Corſtorphyne;
Twa bettir fallowis did no man ſie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXI.

XXI.

In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,
With gude Mr Robert Henryſoun,
Sir Johne the Roſs imbraiſt hes he;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXII.

And he hes now tane, laſt of aw,
The gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIII.

And Mr Walter Kennedy,
In poyntt of deth lyis verely,
Grit rewth it wer that ſo ſuld be;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIV.

Sen he hes all my brethren tane,
He will nocht let me leif alane,
On fors I mon his nixt pray be;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXV.

Sen for the deth remeid is non,
Beſt is that we for deth diſpone,
Aftir our deth that leif may we;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Of

Of LUVE ERDLY *and* DIVINE.

I.

NOW culit is Dame Venus brand;
Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to underſtand,
In feynit luve quhat foly bene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
Ane trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

II.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir burnis bauld;
Sa as the ta lufe vaxis auld,
The tothir dois incres moir kene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And true luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

III.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat pleſans is in lufe perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt,
Thair kyndnes is ſo contrair clene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

IV.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or onywayis his hairt conſent,
To turne to trew luve his intent,

And

And ſtill the quarrell to ſuſteine;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

V.

I haif experience by my ſell;
In luvis court anis did I dwell,
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
I culd of truble tell fyftene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

VI.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to ſpeid,
Quhair I had maugre to my meid,
I treſt rewaird and thanks betwene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

VII.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to diſpleis,
Now find I in to lufe grit eis;
Quhair I had denger and diſeis,
My breiſt all confort dois contene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jeloſy,
And wald no luver wer bot I;
Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,

Als

Als weill as I luvit I wene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

IX.

Befoir quhair I durſt nocht for ſchame
My lufe deſcrive, nor tell hir name;
Now think I wirſchep wer and fame,
To all the warld that it war ſene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,
So did her denger me derene;
And now I ſett nocht by a bene,
Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XI.

I haif a luve farar of face,
Quhome in no denger may haif place,
Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
And mercy ay quhen I me mene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XII.

Unquyt I do no thing nor ſane,
Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;
I ſal be als weill luvit agane,

Thair may no jangler me prevene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XIII.

So riche, ſo rewthfull, and diſcreit,
Ane lufe ſo fare, ſo gud, ſo ſueit,
And for the kynd of man ſo meit,
Nevir moir ſal be, nor yit hes bene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XIV.

Is none ſa trew a luve as he,
That for trew lufe of us did de;
He ſuld be luffit agane, think me,
That wald ſa fane our luve obtene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XV.

Is none but grace of God I wis,
That can in yowth conſiddir this,
This fals diſſavand warlds blis,
So gydis man in flouris grene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

Of

Of the NATIVITIE *of* CHRYSTE.

I.

RORATE cæli deſuper,
Hevins diſtill your balmy ſchouris,
For now is riſſin the brycht day-ſter,
Fro the Roſe Mary, flour of flouris:
The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris,
Surmunting Phebus in the eſt,
Is cum (out) of his hevinly touris;
Et nobis puer natus eſt.

II.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
Tronis, poteſtatis, and marteiris ſeir,
And all ye hevinly operationis,
Ster, planeit, firmament, and ſpeir,
Fyre, erd, air, and wattir cleir,
To him gife loving, moſt and leſt,
That come into ſo meik maneir,
Et nobis puer natus eſt.

III.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
And thank your Makar hairtfully;
For he, that ye mycht nocht cum to,
To yow is cumin full humily,

Your ſaulis with his blud to by,
And lous yow of the feindis arreſt,
And only of his awin mercy;
Pro nobis puer natus eſt.

IV.

All clergy do to him inclyne,
And bow unto that barne benyng,
And do your obſervance devyne,
To him that is of kingis King;
Enſence his altar reid, and ſing
In haly kirk, with mynd degeſt,
Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis puer natus eſt.

V.

Celeſtiall fowlis in the are,
Sing with your nottis upoun hicht;
In firthis and in forreſtis fair
Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
For paſſit is your dully nycht;
Aurora hes the cluddis perſt,
The ſon is riſſin with glaidſum lycht.
Et nobis puer natus eſt.

VI.

Now ſpring up flouris fra the rute,
Revert yow upwart naturaly,
In honour of the bliſſit frute,
That rais up fro the Roſe Mary;

Lay

Lay out your levis luſtely,
Fro deid tak lyfe now at the leſt,
In wirſchip of that Prince wirthy,
Qui nobis puer natus eſt.

VII.

Syng hevin imperiall moſt of hicht,
Regions of air mak armony,
All fiſche in flud and foull of flicht,
Be myrthfull and mak melody;
All *gloria in excelſis* cry,
Hevin, erd, ſe, man, bird, and beſt,
He that is crownit abone the ſky,
Pro nobis puer natus eſt.

Of the RESURRECTION *of* CHRYSTE.

I.

DONE is a battell on the dragon blak,
Our campioun Chryſt confoundit hes his force,
The yettis of hell ar broken with a crak,
The ſigne triumphall raſit is of the croce;
The divillis trymmillis with hiddous voce,
The ſaulis ar borrowit, and to the bliſs can go,
Chryſt with his blud our ranſoms dois indoce;
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

II.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer;
The crewall ſerpent with the mortall ſtang,
The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,
Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us ſo lang,
Thinking to grip us in his clowis ſtrang,
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer ſo,
He maid him for to felye of that fang;
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

III.

He for our ſake that ſufferit to be ſlane,
And lyk a lamb in ſacrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone riſſin up agane,
And as (a) gyane raxit him on hicht;
Springin is Aurora radius and bricht,
On loft is gone the glorius Appollo,
The blisfull day departit fro the nycht;
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

IV.

The grit victour agane is riſſin on hicht,
That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;
The ſone that vox all paill now ſchynis bricht,
And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit;
The knell of mercy fra the hevin is ſoundit,
The Chriſtins ar deliverit of thair wo,
The Jewis and thair errour ar confoundit;
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

V.

V.

The fo is chaſit the battell is done ceis,
The preſone brokin, the jevellours fleit and flemit;
The weir is gon, confermit is the peis,
The fetteris lowſit, and the dungeoun temit,
The ranſoum maid, the preſoneris redemit;
The feild is won, ourcumin is the fo,
Diſpulit of the treſure that he yemit;
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

Erdly Joy *returnis in* Pane.

I.

OF Lentron in the firſt mornyng,
Airly as did the day up ſpring,
Thus ſang an burd with voce upplane,
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

II.

O man! haif mynd that thow mon pas,
Remember that thow art bot as,
And ſall in as return agane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

III.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,
Devoring fruct and flowring grane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

IV.

IV.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

V.

Come nevir yit May ſo freſche and grene,
Bot Januar come als wod and kene;
Wes nevir ſic drowth bot anis come rane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

VI.

Evirmair unto this warlds joy,
As nerreſt air ſucceeds noy;
Thairfoir quhen joy ma nocht remane,
His verry air ſucceedis pane;

VII.

Heir helth returnis in ſeiknes,
And mirth returnis in havines,
Toun in deſert, forreſt in plane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

VIII.

Fredome returnis in wrechitnes,
And trewth returnis in dowbilnes,
With fenyeit wirds to mak men fane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

IX.

Vertew returnis into vyce,
And honour into avaryce,
With cuvatyce is conſciens ſlane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

X.

X.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
Wirk for the joy that leſtis evir,
For uder joy is all bot vane;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

The TWA LUVES ERDLY *and* DEVYNE.

I.

IN May as that Aurora did upſpring,
With criſtall ene chaſing the cluddis ſable,
I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, ſing
A ſang of lufe, with voce rycht confortable,
Agane the orient bemis amiable,
Upone a blisfull brenche of lawryr grene:
This wes hir ſentens ſueit and delectable,
A luſty lyfe in luves ſervice bene.

II.

Undir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, criſtallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aiſur ſkyis licht;
Quhair did, upone the tothir ſyd, perſew
A Nychtingale, with ſuggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok ſchone:
This wes hir ſong, and of a ſentens trew,
All luve is loſt bot upone God allone.

III.

With notis glaid, and glorius armony,
This joyfull Merle ſo ſaluſt ſcho the day,
Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
Saying, Awalk ye luvaris o this May;
Lo freſch Flora hes flureſt every ſpray,
As natur hes hir taucht, the noble Quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array,
A luſty lyfe in luvis ſervice bene.

IV.

Nevir ſueetar noys wes hard with levand man
Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
Hir ſound went with the rever as it ran
Outthrew the freſche and flureiſt luſty vaill:
O Merle, quoth ſcho, O fule, ſtynt of thy taill,
For in thy ſong gud ſentens is thair none,
For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill,
Of every luve bot upone God allone.

V.

Seis, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingale:
Sall folk thair yowth ſpend in to holines?
Of yung ſanctis growis auld feyndis but (faill):
Fy, ypocreit, in yeiris tendirnes,
Agane the law of kynd thow gois expres,
That crukit aige makis on with yowth ſerene,
Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyvers:
A luſty lyfe in luves ſervice bene.

VI.

VI.

The Nychtingall ſaid, Fule, remember the,
That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
The luve of God moſt deir to man ſuld be:
That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
And deit himſelf fro deid him to ſuccour:
O quhither wes kythit thair trew lufe or none?
He is moſt trew and ſteidfaſt paramour;
All luve is loſt bot upone him allone.

VII.

The Merle ſaid, Quhy put God ſo grit bewte
In ladeis, with ſic womanly having,
Bot gif he wald that thay ſuld luvit be?
To luve eik natur gaif thame inclyning;
And he of natur that wirker wes and king,
Wald no thing fruſtir put, nor lat be ſene,
In to his creature of his awin making:
A luſty lyfe in luves ſervice bene.

VIII.

The Nychtingall ſaid, Nocht to that behufe
Put God ſic bewty in a ladies face,
That ſcho ſuld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,
Bot he the wirker, that put in hir ſic grace;
Of bewty, bontie, riches, tyme, or ſpace,
And every gudnes that bene to cum or gone,
The thank redounds to him in every place;
All luve is loſt bot upone God allone.

IX.

IX.

O Nychtingall, it wer a ſtory nyce
That luve ſuld nocht depend on cherite:
And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
Than lufe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me;
For ay to lufe invy mone contrair be:
God bad eik lufe thy nychtbour fro the ſplene,
And quho than ladeis ſuetar nychtbours be?
A luſty lyfe in luves ſervice bene.

X.

The Nychtingall ſaid, Bird, quhy dois thow raif?
Man may tak in his lady ſic delyt,
Him to forget that hir ſic vertew gaif,
And for his hevin raſſaif hir cullour quhyt:
Hir goldin treſſit hairis redomyt,
Lyk to Apollois bemis thocht thay ſchone,
Suld nocht him blind fro lufe that is perfyt;
All lufe is loſt bot upone God allone.

XI.

The Merle ſaid, Lufe is caus of honour ay,
Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchas,
Luve makis knychtis hardy at aſſey,
Luve makis wrechis full of lergenes,
Luve makis ſueir folks full of biſſines,
Luve makis ſluggirds freſche and weill beſene,
Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilnes;
A luſty lyfe in luves ſervice bene.

XII.

XII.

The Nychtingall ſaid, trew is the contrary;
The fruſtir luve it blindis men ſo far,
In to thair mynds it makis thame to vary;
In fals vane glory thay ſo drunkin ar,
Thair wit is went, of wo they ar nocht war,
Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
Fame, gudds, and ſtrenth: quhairfoir weill ſay I dar,
All luve is loſt bot upone God allone.

XIII.

Than ſaid the Merle, Myne errour I confes;
This fruſtir luve all is bot vanite;
Blind ignorance me gaif ſic hardines,
To argone ſo agane the varite:
Quhairfoir I counſall every man, that he
With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,
Bot luve the luve that did for his lufe de;
All lufe is loſt bot upone God allone.

XIV.

Than ſang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir:
The Merle ſang, Man lufe God that hes the wrocht,
The Nychtingall ſang, Man lufe the Lord moſt deir,
That the and all this warld maid of nocht;
The Merle ſaid, Luve him that thy lufe hes ſocht,
Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk fleſche and bone;
The Nychtingall ſang, And with his deid the bocht:
All luve is loſt bot upone him allone.

XV.

Thane ſaw thir birdis our the bewis ſchene,
Singing of lufe amang the levis ſmall;
Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene,
Bothe ſleping, walking, in reſt, and in travall:
Me to reconfort moſt it dois awaill
Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,
To think how ſong this Merle and Nychtingaill,
All lufe is loſt bot upone God allone.

XVI.

The CONTEMPLATIOUN *of* MANIS MORTALITIE.

I.

MEMENTO homo quod cinis es;
Think, man, thow art bot erd and aſs;
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow preſs,
For as thow come, ſo ſall thow paſs,
Lyk as ane ſchaddow in ane glaſs.
Syne glydis all thy tyme that heir is,
Think, thocht thy bodye ware of braſs,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

II.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,
Fortys Achill, and ſtrong Sampſone,
Alexander of grit nobilnes,
Meik David, and fair Abſolone,

Hes

Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,
At will of God, that all thing ſteiris;
Think, man, exceptioun there is none,
Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

III.

Thocht now thow be maiſt glaid of cheir,
Faireſt and pleſandeſt of port,
Yet may thow be, within ane yere,
Ane ugſum, uglye tramort;
And ſen thow knowis thy tyme is ſchort,
And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
Think, man, amang all uthir ſport,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

IV.

Thy luſtye bewte, and thy youth,
Sall feid as dois the ſomer flouris,
Syne ſall the ſwallow with his mouth
The dragone death, (that all devouris.)
No caſtell ſall the keip, nor touris,
Bot he ſall ſeik the with thy feiris;
Thairfore remember at all houris,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

V.

Thocht all this warld thow did poſſeid,
Nocht eftir death thow ſall poſſes,
Nor with the tak, but thy gud deid,
Quhen thow dois fro this warld the dres:

So ſpeid the, man, and the confes,
With humill hart and ſobir teiris,
And ſadlye in thy hart impres,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

VI.

Thocht thow be taklit nevir ſo ſure,
Thow ſall in deathis port arryve,
Quhare nocht for tempeſt may indure,
Bot ferſle all to ſpeiris (dryve;)
Thy Ranſomer, with woundis fyve,
Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy ſteiris,
To hald thy ſaule with him on lyve,
Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

FINIS.